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HOPE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MARIE S. LADD.

Away in the heart's deep shadows,
There sings the livelong day,
A little bird with a wondrous voice,
A sweet and soothing lay.

It sings a song of sunshine,
Tossing the boughs about
That shaded with gloom the merry heart,
'Till its light had nigh gone out.

Though oft its voice is siren,
And its notes contain no truth,
I care not, so long as in singing,
It sings the songs of youth.

MY STEP-MOTHER'S DAUGHTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY ELLA WHEELER.

WILL SHAMROCK ASKS ME TO TAKE A DRIVE.

Just as I was closing the gate that opened out of the school-house yard, Will Shamrock came dashing down the road in a whirlwind of dust. I saw him, though my straw hat was pulled far over my face, and I did not lift my eyes. I saw him as I always saw him wherever he was, and I pretended not to see him, as I always pretended not to when possible.

I put the peg in the gate, and turned toward the road without lifting my eyes.

"Miss Mabel, will you accept the vacant place in my carriage?"

I lifted my eyes then, and bowed in well feigned surprise, to handsome Will Shamrock.

"Oh! is it you, Mr. Shamrock!"

"Yes it is *I*, Miss Mabel! and I am going right past your door; and shall consider myself highly honored if you will take a seat in my carriage."

He had reined his blooded bays up near the gate, and turned the wheel, so that I could easily step into the jaunty little carriage that would just accommodate two persons.

"Well *yes*, I *will* accept your invitation," I said as indifferently as I *could*, "for I am tired—and the mile between my school-house and my home seems long these warm afternoons."

Will reached out his hand, and with one step I was seated at his side.

How pleasant it was; how soft the cushions were; how easy the carriage. I leaned back, with a little weary sigh, and closed my eyes. I felt a strange magnetic thrill through my whole frame, and knew that Will Shamrock's dark eyes were fixed upon my face.

I opened my eyes presently and met his earnest gaze. But I had expected to meet it, and so did not color nor look confused, as Will Shamrock enjoyed making young ladies look with his meaning glances.

I feigned a yawn behind my hand.

"If I am stupid company, Mr. Shamrock, you must pardon me, for I have not felt well to-day—and my school duties have been unusually irksome. It is hard for the children to keep any kind of order these languid days, and it is hard for me to govern the little brood."

"You are wearing yourself out in this drudgery," Mr. Shamrock said, looking down upon me in that devoted way he had which made every young lady about Norrisville imagine herself *the* chosen one. But I knew Will Shamrock too well to imagine anything of the kind. He could not *help* being devoted to every lady of his acquaintance, when the opportunity presented itself: it was just as natural for him to look "unutterable things" at a pretty girl, as it was for him to breathe. And he was so handsome, so graceful, so gallant, that he made sad havoc among hearts, and all the unmarried females from fourteen to forty, would simper and blush at his approach. I had known him by report for several years; personally, but one. And I had always treated him in the most coolly indifferent manner imaginable, and though he might pay me the most marked attentions one day, I barely recognized him at our next meeting.

We were riding slowly under the tall maples that cast their shadows across the road, when he said this, and then added, questioningly—

"Would anybody scold you if you didn't come right home? I would like to drive around the south road with you, if you are in no hurry to reach home."

"No one would scold me, and I am in no particular haste to reach home," I said, "but I do not see what pleasure you contemplate in driving by those handsome houses upon the south road, with a young lady attired in a calico gown and plain straw hat."

Mr. Shamrock gave a laughing glance at my attire.

"Really," he said, "I had not noticed what you had on. Never knew but you were dressed in silk and laces. Ladies take worlds of pains to dress richly and extravagantly in order to please the eyes of the opposit sex, I suppose; and we men scarcely ever notice a lady's apparel. At least *I* do not, unless there is something startling in her costume."

"Very well then: if the people we meet will be as obligingly unobserving, I don't see that my dress makes any difference. I am sure I feel perfectly satisfied with it."

He gave rein to the spirited horses, and we dashed down the south road at an exhilirating pace. It was very pleasant after my tiresome day in the school-room: and I could feel the flush rising in my cheeks, and my heart beat gayly in my breast.

"As I was remarking," Mr. Shamrock continued, "you are wearing yourself out in this drudgery of school-teaching. You are ten pounds thinner in flesh than you were when I first met you, and there is a hollow look under your eyes that I do not like to see. Your health and your happiness is very dear to me, dearer to me than you imagine perhaps. In truth *I love you*, Mabel Burdett, and I came to-day to ask you to be my wife."

Had the sun fallen from the heavens and cut a pigeon-wing upon the dappled ponies' backs I could not have been more astonished.

I sat in speechless amazement, staring at the man who was looking down into my face with burning eyes.

"Have you not one word for me, Mabel?"

"But, Mr. Shamrock, this is so totally unexpected," I managed to say.

"And why should it be? Have I not, despite your cold, repellant mein and haughty indifference shown my love for you in every look and act since the hour we met? I surely have."

"I never so construed your actions, Mr. Shamrock," I said, regaining my composure. "I never fancied for a moment that you regarded me other than a passing acquaintance."

"But I did—I do. Perhaps it was this very unconsciousness, so rare to find among young ladies now-a-days that so charmed me. At any rate *I love you* wholly and entirely, and I ask you to give up your school-teaching and be my wife. I can give you a good home, and your slightest wish shall be gratified. Will you come?"

"But how can I answer you now when it is all so sudden—so unlooked for. Give me time."

He gnawed his handsome lip, and his dark eyes glowed with passion.

"If you *love* me, as a woman should love the man she marries, there is no need of time. You *know* it now. If you do not love me you have only to say so. I hate these cold, deliberate delays in these matters."

"But my brain is confused, and I cannot think clearly. Give me five minutes to collect my scattered wits."

"Granted," he said, smiling down upon me with his dangerous dark eyes and taking out his jeweled watch. "I will time you."

Tick, tick, tick went the watch, and I leaned my head upon my hand and thought.

Will Shamrock was handsome, rich, and a man of unblemished character. I was poor, not handsome, and my home was ruled by a step-mother. Half the girls in Norrisville, and for miles around would, to use a cant phrase, "jump at this chance." How people would stare if I accepted him. Yet did I love him? I certainly felt toward him as I felt toward no other living man. I had called the feeling indifference and contempt hitherto, but somehow Will Shamrock's dark eyes thrilled me strangely, and there was a delicious languor in sitting there at his side that was more than happiness. After all I believed I *did* love him, and then it would be such a victory to carry him off.

"Time up," said Will quietly, as he snapped to the gold case of his watch, and put it in his pocket.

"I have decided in this way," I said. "If three months from to-day we both feel as we do to-day I will name the time for our union. If either of us or if both change we will feel free to follow the dictates of our hearts."

His hand closed over mine. "I know why you word it so," he said. "You think I am fickle, and you want to test me. Generous little girl! you shall see, however, that I do not deserve the reputation which I bear for fickleness. I could not be inconstant to *you*."

"Time will show," I said, and just then he reined up at the door of my home.

My step-mother was reading a letter as I went in.

"Oh, Mabel!" she cried, "Helen is coming next week."

Helen was my step-mother's daughter, whose charms I had heard sung every day for the past year; just the time my home had been graced by my step-mother's presence.

Helen Joslin, her daughter by a former marriage, had been visiting in a distant city since her mother's marriage, but was now coming to make her home with us.

I ran up to my room, and throwing off gloves and bonnet, looked in the mirror.

"Helen is coming, charming, blonde-haired Helen," I said to the image reflected there; "and what chance will you stand with her?"

I was jealous already of this Helen. I was fearful of losing my fickle-hearted lover, even upon the day of his proposal.

"What is there about you," I said again to my reflected image, "that has won this gay man of the world, and having won him, how can you hope to hold him after lovely Helen comes? Let me see what you have in the line of beauty to depend upon. A pale, olive complexion to begin with. Nothing to attract there. Helen is white and pink, like the sea-shell. Weird, uncanny eyes, of an odd brown color, that reflect your wild, passionate disposition. Hardly as handsome as Helen's soft blue orbs. An irregular nose, that is certainly not 'Grecian,' as I am told Helen's is. A handsome mouth—yes, my dear, I must confess it, your lips are full, exquisitely chiseled, and red as ripe plums. And your hair—your hair is long and brown, half red in the sun, and full of waves and ripples, and I think will compare favorably with Helen's classic braids of pure gold. And your figure is very good: rather petite, but that is more admired by some men than Helen's queenly proportions. Yet, after all, you will look very plain beside this Helen; and to come right down to the truth, you have only your hair and mouth to number among your attractions, as your eyes are too weird to be handsome. But never mind, my dear girl! if this charming Helen carries off the prize, it will not break your heart. It will only be a little humiliating. You are not fearfully in love with your lover, though he is a good catch, and I congratulate you upon your good fortune."

I turned away then, and so did the girl in the mirror, and went down stairs.

"Who did you ride with Mabel?" my step-mother asked at the tea table that evening. "I thought it was that handsome Mr. Shamrock."

"And it was," I answered. "He came by the school-house just as *I* was shutting the gate."

"I hear he is a great beau among the ladies," my step-mother continued, "and much admired by them all, but never commits himself. They say he is invincible, and not to be caught. But I fancy when Helen comes she will storm the fort of his heart and bring him to his knees. I never saw the man she could not conquer yet, and I shall enjoy seeing Mr. Shamrock made captive."

I never lost an opportunity of making my step-mother wince. It was wrong, I know, but I had tried to like her, and she had dinned "Helen" in my ears so constantly and was forever comparing us, that I *could not* like her. She would not let me.

"Oh, by-the-way, father," I said, turning towards him and seemingly just reminded of the thing, "Mr. Shamrock proposed marriage to me this afternoon as we drove along, and I have half engaged myself to him: that is, I have promised to think favorably of his suit, and give him a definite answer in the fall. Does it meet with your approval?"

My father could not repress a smile at my placid manner of communicating my love affair, and my step-mother turned black with suppressed rage.

"With my full consent, Mabel," father responded. "Mr. Shamrock is a fine young man."

He called again within a day or two and carried me out driving, and on our return had a talk with father, and listened smilingly to my step-mother's talk about "Helen."

She came the next week. She was all my fancy painted her: blonde-haired, waxen-faced, Grecian featured, and tall and queenly in figure. She dressed exquisitely, too, with a richness and elegance that was new in Norrisville.

I saw Will's admiring glances when they were introduced, and my heart thrilled with jealous pain; but I concealed my feelings under a guise of gayety.

But I knew just how it would be. Will Shamrock could no more help playing the adoring lover to Helen Joslin than the butterfly can help flitting from flower to flower. And Helen had been instructed by her mother, I know. She had been told to win away my lover if it were among the possibilities, and being a coquette by nature and by education, Helen enjoyed the sport.

Will came often to my home, but strange to say he found it most convenient to come while I was in school as a general thing. He would call in at the school-house a few moments and then drive on to my home, where Helen would entertain him. Sometimes he would bring a carriage that would accommodate both Helen and myself; but as I did not seem to relish these rides, he oftener brought the jaunty vehicle that I had first ridden in, and as I was in school Helen and he took long and frequent drives. I did not pine away under this, but it was humiliating and galling to my proud spirit. And the worst of it all was my step-mother's triumphant and impudent air, which seemed to say, "I told you so."

I stood at the gate one August evening, trying to catch a breath of cool air. I was tired and weary, for my scholars had been stupid and unruly that day, and the mile walk home had been hot and unpleasant. Will Shamrock was in the parlor with Miss Helen: he had come half an hour before. But while I stood there, leaning my head upon my hand, I heard a step at my side, and Will's arm slipped lightly around my waist, and Will's dark eyes looked into mine.

"Poor little girl!" he said softly, "I am a brute to make you look so pale and sorrowful! But don't doubt me, darling. I love you, and you alone, but I cannot resist the temptation of flirting with this professional coquette. She fancies that I am going to kneel to her, and that she is going to number me among her conquests, and I want to prove to her that there is *one* man in the world whom she cannot out-general. I shall let her lead me on till the last moment, when I shall turn to you, for my heart is true to you, my sweet Mabel."

With a light kiss he was gone. The hot angry tears sprang to my eyes, and my blood boiled with indignation.

He had *pitied* me, fancying me love-lorn, and so explained the circumstances to me! and such a shallow explanation! as if he could not have better proven her powerless to conquer him by remaining true to me in *action* as well as in thought, by repulsing all her wiles and treating her with cool politeness.

I felt my face blazing with wrath, and was turning away when I suddenly became aware of the proximity of a stranger. A tall, blonde-faced man, with the handsomest, gravest blue eyes I ever saw, a fair drooping moustache, and a pathetic look about the whole face that is so indescribably fascinating upon a handsome face.

He lifted his hat gracefully from his blonde curls.

"Can you inform me if this is where Mr. Burdett resides?" he said in a voice so low, so distinct, so beautifully modulated, that it went through my heart like a minor strain of music.

"It is," I said, wondering if he had seen the blazing indignation upon my face.

"And is a Miss Helen Joslin stopping here?"

"She is. Please step this way, and I will show you in."

He followed me into the parlor. It was empty.

"I thought Helen was here," I said. "Excuse me a moment, and I will find out where she is."

My step-mother was in the pantry.

"Where is Helen?" I asked.

"She has just gone out for a short drive with Mr. Shamrock: they cannot be out of sight. Why, did you want her for anything?"

"No," I said coldly, for my step-mother's voice and manner irritated me. "I did not want her, but there is a gentleman in the parlor asking for her."

"A gentleman! Who is it?"

But I did not answer, for I was making my way back to the parlor.

"Miss Joslin is out; she has gone for a short drive, and will be back soon. Please make yourself comfortable until she comes."

Just then my step-mother entered. The stranger arose as she came forward.

"Why, Mr. Evans, how do you do? Where did you come from?" my step-mother exclaimed, with delight depicted upon every feature, as she held out both hands to welcome him.

Mr. Evans replied in that grave, melodious voice that thrilled me again like a strain of music. I was slipping from the room, when my step-mother turned to me.

"Mabel, this is a friend of Helen's. Mr. Evans, this is my step-daughter, Miss Burdett."

Mr. Evans bowed—and felt his cool hand close over mine for a moment, and met the glance of those deep, serious eyes.

Then I slipped away and went up to my room.

"Now that the elegant stranger has arrived, Will Shamrock will be shipped," I said, mentally. "He is Helen's lover unsaid, mentally. "He is Helen's lover undoubtedly, and some desirable catch I presume from my step-mother's manner. Will Shamrock will return to me—but he will return in vain; for I feel nothing but the most supreme contempt for him."

But I was slightly mistaken, for Will Shamrock and Miss Helen continued as before. Miss Helen met Mr. Evans with a stately dignity, but with a look in her eyes that told *me* at least, that she really loved him. But Will was present, and she did not want to frighten her bird just as it was nearing the net.

So the rides and walks continued as before for several days after Mr. Evans's arrival. He came to me to be entertained—came to my school, and sought my society after school; and I found the moments passed with him the pleasantest in the day. I found his eyes fixed upon my face sometimes with a strange, serious, puzzled look that would send the quick blood to my cheeks, and make me feel foolish and silly as a school girl. I wondered often if he grieved over Helen's indifference: or knew that it was only assumed for a purpose. He looked so sorrowful and grave, that I longed to comfort him, yet knew not how.

We were standing out under a tall lilac tree that grew close by the parlor window one warm August evening. He had been walking and had joined me on my way from school, and we paused under the shadow of the lilac to finish some slight discussion before entering the house.

Suddenly I heard my step-mother speak.

"Are you not carrying this thing too far, Helen?" She spoke incautiously loud, she being in one room and Helen in another, and the latter answered in the same key.

"Not at all, mother! I am sure of Rod Evans. He loves me, and there is no danger of my losing him; and I want to bring that conceited Will Shamrock down upon his knees, and show that yellow faced, wild eyed thing that she is powerless to help herself."

I knew that my face flushed crimson, and then grew deathly pale, and I turned hastily away from the window and walked down the garden. I tried to introduce some topic, and ventured some common-place remark, but it was a failure. I met the sorrowful, sad blue eyes fixed gravely upon my face.

"My dear young friend," he said seriously, "you are very much agitated. I pray you go to your room and compose yourself."

I could not bear that he should think it was grief for Will Shamrock that moved me so.

"It is not for myself," I said quickly, "it is for you. I am so sorry we stood there."

"And I am glad," he said decidedly, "very glad; and I beg you not to distress yourself upon my account. And, Miss Mabel—please give me an hour's quiet talk with you to-morrow if possible."

He held my hand a moment, and then turned abruptly away. I went up to my chamber, and did not go below until Kate called the family to supper. Helen was radiant that evening, bestowing beaming smiles and drooping glances upon Rod Evans, who was unusually sociable and agreeable.

I went to school the next morning without seeing Mr. Evans. He was out hunting, Helen said. He came over to my school at noon. The children were all out. It was a cool, beautiful day, and they had been restive all the forenoon and were all out in the play-ground now, not one was left. I was looking over the register book when Rod Evans's shadow darkened the door. He came forward without ceremony and sat down by me.

"I came to have that chat with you," he said. "I thought we could be alone here."

Then his eyes fell upon my face with that grave, sad, serious look that confused me so.

"Miss Mabel," he said, taking both my hands in his, "when I came to Norristville I came as a suitor of Helen Joslin's. I had met her several times during the last year in the city. She had been visiting among intimate friends and relatives of mine. I admired her. She was beautiful, accomplished, and agreeable. I thought of proposing to her before she left the city, but some unaccountable impulse induced me to wait and follow her here.

"You remember the night I came. Your pale, agitated face was the first to greet me, and it has haunted me ever since. I knew you were disturbed about something, and I very soon saw what. I have made you a study ever since I came; you interested me strangely. You are unlike any woman I ever saw before. I have grown to love you with the strongest, truest, best love of my heart. No—do not speak of Helen—how *can* I love her after seeing her as she is, a silly, vain, spiteful girl, whose highest ambition is to wound a sister-woman's heart, and to bring man to her feet. I always detested such women, and Helen carefully concealed this side of her disposition in the city. I see her now as she is, and I feel bitter contempt for her and for all like her. You I love; and if you are free to listen I ask you to be my wife. If not I will leave you and speak no more upon this subject."

He had spoken rapidly, though in that sweet, low voice that thrilled me so.

"It may seem strange to you," he continued, "that I should speak such words when I have known you but two weeks. Yet two weeks have been long enough for me to read you, and to learn to love you with an absorbing love, if I dared hope for a return!"

I felt his fingers tightening over mine, and I did not withdraw my hand.

"Three months ago," I said, "Will Shamrock proposed marriage to me. I knew he was a fickle, gay man of the world, but he seemed earnest in his protestations of love for me, and I half fancied I loved him. But fearful to bind myself by a lasting promise, I compromised by saying that in three months from that day—it was the fifth of June—we both desired it, I would name a day for our union. If either changed in the time, we should feel free to break the half engagement. That night of your arrival Mr. Shamrock chose to consider me love-lorn, and comforted me by saying that I need not grieve for him: he was only flirting with Helen, and should return to me in the end.' I was smarting with indignation at his condescending and insulting manner when I met your gaze. Before you, I feel nothing but contempt for this man. I would not marry him now if I knew I would commit suicide should I refuse."

"And is there any hope for me, then?"

I looked up in Rod Evans's face without speaking, but my eyes must have spoken volumes, for he gathered me to his heart without a word, and kissed me twice upon the lips. Such loving, passionate kisses! Who would have dreamed that his quiet, grave man with the sad, serious face was capable of such an intensity of passion!

Just then the little school clock "clucked" its five minutes to one, and I loosed myself from his arms and rang the bell for the children; and Mr. Evans, after lingering half an hour, went down the road toward home. It was fortunate for me that none of the school committee called that afternoon, or I should have been ignominously dismissed upon the spot.

I asked the class in algebra to give the boundaries of the eastern states, and asked a little boy in the first book of grammar to recite the multiplication table backwards, and made several other blunders equally ridiculous. I can't know what the scholars thought, but I know I was very much ashamed. But school closed at last, and I went home. Rod Evans and I were as unconscious and indifferent as could be imagined. We did not intend to apprise the family of the state of affairs just yet.

And the days went by until the fifth of September. I had decided to tell my fickle lover of my change of heart that day, and give him my definite answer as agreed upon three months previous.

My school was done and I was at home that day. Will Shamrock came. I did not think he had kept the date in mind, but he had, and was on time.

"You know what my errand is to-day, Mabel," he said, coming into the room, where I stood alone by an open window. "I have come for the final answer, and for the day of our union to be named. You see I have remained constant to you, as I said I should."

"Yes, I see," I laughed lightly, "but I have *not*. I have changed, and do not care a straw for you, and I cannot name a day for our wedding, as I have promised to marry Mr. Evans next April."

He fairly staggered, as though I had struck him. My communication was totally unexpected.

"But, Mabel, you cannot mean it! I never dreamed that *you* could change. I trusted in you fully, and had no thought that I *could* lose you."

"So it seems," I answered indifferently. "But we are often deceived in this world. In truth, I do not thing I *ever* loved you; and the past three weeks have taught me what love is. I of course felt free to listen to Mr. Evans's suing, and I discovered that I loved him very much."

"But he is Helen's lover!" Will said sharply.

"Oh, no! he is mine," I answered, in the most aggravating manner possible. "He *has* felt toward Helen as I did toward you. But fate drew us together, and the scales fell from our eyes, and we discovered that we were made for each other, and that you and Helen were but secondary considerations. He and I are to be married in April."

Will began to bluster and call names, and I went out of the room, and shut the door in his face.

How Rod laughed when I told him of the scene.

"Served the shallow-pate right," was his verdict.

That evening, as the family were all gathered in the parlor, Rod led me in, and up to father's chair.

"Mr. Burdett," he said, "I have won your daughter's heart, and have gained her consent to marry me; have I also yours? Will you let me have her?"

Father looked up in astonishment, and Helen turned whiter than her snowy robe, and my step-mother went into hysterics.

"But—but—I thought," stammered father, "that Mr. Shamrock had proposed marriage, and Mabel had accepted *him*."

"Not *accepted*, father. I told him, last June, that I would give him a final answer the fifth of September; and an affirmative answer if neither of us changed. I *have* changed; and so, when he came to-day and plead for the day of our union to be named, I was obliged to tell him that I had discovered that I loved Mr. Evans, and not him. It is all just and fair, you know; just as we agreed to do, if either changed. Rod and I love each other very much, dear papa," I said, in a lower voice, "and I *do* hope you will give your consent, so we shall be saved the trouble of going away in a fuss to get married, for I shall marry him next April at *all* hazards."

"You will, hey? Miss Impudence! Seems to me you take on a great many airs, if you *are* twenty-one. But I haven't the least objection to exchanging Will for Rod, for a son-in-law. So I give my consent."

My step-mother fumed, and Helen pouted and hated me cordially, but it all availed nothing. I married Rod Evans the following April, and my life has been very, very happy.

My step-mother's daughter is still in the market, and Will Shamrock has married a rich widow with three children.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1871.

MEMENTO MORI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

One hundred years from now! Have you ever thought of it? When you see the fading leaf, the opening bud, or the perfect blossom, did you ever think who will look upon the flowers that will bloom, the buds that will unfold, or the leaves that will fall and wither one hundred years from now? Or, when you have walked the streets, meeting the people that pass and repass like the waves of the ocean, did you ever think who will walk these streets one hundred years from now? Such thoughts are not pleasant, yet I think it is well to cherish them that we may realize more fully the fleeting nature of earthly things. Yes, they are sad thoughts! yet the pulse must cease its beating—decay must set its seal on the perishing frame, while the soul feels not the touch of time and years.

We know that each passing season bears with it many changes; but leaves and flowers are not all that fade, or the voice of music all that passes away. Death is in our world; and all humanity must feel the touch of the great destroyer. Let us linger on the thought, that though the skies may be as beautiful, and the earth robed in as much loveliness, yet the eyes that now look upon them will all be closed!—closed in the sleep that knows no waking, until the trumpet shall sound at the last great day of judgment! One hundred years, and the child on whose path the snows of the first winter are now falling, and the old man who for fourscore years has marked the blossoms fade, will have "passed away." E. L.

Beecher on Dancing.

Henry Ward Beecher, in a recent sermon, says:—

Some persons, when they join a church, think that they must put all the glee and mirth and music out of their lives. Don't you do it! If a love song ripples up to the surface of your heart, sing it! sing it! Don't let it die! My second mother—for I remember no other—was my idea of womanly gentleness, propriety and elegance. She was not, however, very demonstrative. She was, before marriage, to be quite a belle, and was often known to trip the light fantastic.

One evening, as my father played a tune on the violin, my mother arose, and in the most graceful manner possible to conceive, commenced a dance around the room. I didn't know what to make of it. I was speechless with consternation and delight. My father looked on in surprise. Never in the whole course of my life had I seen such a thing attempted in my father's house.

It was delicious, and I got a lesson then which has lasted me ever since. I think to this day that if my mother had danced oftener and said the catechism a little less, it would have been better for all of us.

If you have a talent for music, cultivate it; for dancing, cultivate it; whatever gifts God has given you, make the most of them, whether of the voice, foot or eye.

In this way men will be made better. The heart must take hold of them. Some men if they had a hundred magnolias blooming in their gardens, would pray for the wind to blow so that the perfume would be wafted straight into their own houses. That is no way. See to it that other folks participate.

☞ A glass of soda water, with syrup, costs the manufacturer a cent and a quarter.

☞ Female suffrage has been the cause of a mad act in Detroit. Mr. Joseph Coburn committed suicide because his wife wanted to vote.

☞ HIGH-HEELED SHOES.—The Philadelphia surgeons, like other wise people, are opposed to high-heeled shoes. Dr. Wm. H. Pancoast remarked the other day, after performing a painful operation on an interesting little girl whose feet had been ruined by wearing wrongly-constructed shoes, "This is the beginning of a large harvest of such cases."

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR of "Joyce Dormer's Story."

CHAPTER X.

A LULL.

The evening passed, as evenings after a stormy day generally do, in comparative quiet.

Mrs. Seaton, being lost in wonderment at the knowledge suddenly revealed to her, gave herself up to contemplation, and an intricate piece of knitting.

Jasper occupied himself in looking over a folio of papers that he brought down, and which were soon scattered over one of the tables. This table happened to be the one nearest Diana's favorite corner of the drawing-room; and as she had seated herself in her usual place, she was thus brought nearer to Jasper than she might have chosen to be had she exercised any thought in the matter.

But being there, some influence that she did not exert herself to resist insensibly kept her there, and it being at some distance from Mrs. Seaton was also a reason for remaining. She did not wish to talk to-night, and Jasper was too much taken up with his papers to give any attention to anything else; besides, Jasper would not care to talk, she knew that.

So she opened the book that she had found lying near her, and began to read—or, at least, tried to do so; but her thoughts wandered off into speculations as to what had befallen John Carteret, and into theories concerning what might further transpire. Every now and then she turned over a leaf mechanically; but she did not understand a word of what was before her, though her eyes followed line after line through the pages.

It was a translation of "Faust," and she fixed her gaze on the black letters until they seemed to move on the white ground, and to start out of place and become confused one with another, so that she could make no consecutive sense out of them; and yet, here and there, a sentence chimed in with the phase of thought in which she had been dwelling lately:—

"For he serves in a perplexing scene
That oft misleads him. Still his will is right:
Soon comes the time to lead him into light.
Now is the first prophetic green,
Its hopes and promises of spring,
The unformed bud and blossoming;
And he who reared the tree and knows the clime,
Will seek and find fair fruit in fitting time."

The letters that had been whirling before her seemed to grow quieter as she reached this passage, and to stand still, so that she might read them—

"Still the will is right."

The will is right! Was it not her own case—a sort of explanation of what she had been trying to understand—a sort of prophecy of what might come to pass?—a half-revelation of what was unfolding within her—something that carried her beyond herself, and yet that was a part of her being, the beginning of the enigma she had asked John Carteret, and which still remained unanswered by him—that she had asked on that day that seemed so very long ago, through the short season of happiness following it being so absorbing, that it had overpowered the life that went before, even as though the floodgates of the golden river that watered Havilah had been opened, and, sweeping the old away, had baptised her unto a new and spiritual birth?

Again she turned over the leaves; but her eyes caught no other words that moved her as those had done, and again she returned to them:—

"Now is the first prophetic green,
The hopes and promises of spring—
The unformed bud and blossoming."

The words might have been written for her, so well did they suit what she had felt of late. Would that the prophecy might be true also. She forgot the afternoon's trouble in her reverie; she leaned her head back—and a peaceful smile came on her lips. She should understand—she should learn.

Jasper Seaton, casually looking up from his papers, caught the look, and it perplexed him. What had caused the change from the passionate anger, half childish in its uncontrol?—half amusing, too, through its powerlessness to create a feeling of anger or annoyance in him.

There was something beyond his comprehension in the smile, though he had easily understood the quick, flashing wrath. The latter was like herself, but the smile belonged to another creation. It was the dawning of something he could not understand.

He did not speak, for he was afraid of dispelling the look which, whilst it puzzled, fascinated him. The wearied look that had been upon her through dinner had passed away, and her eyes shone with a light that seemed to reflect something far away.

All at once she became conscious of his gaze. She glanced up at him, and their eyes met. Then the new light faded, her brow clouded over, the present was recalled, and the weary expression came into her face again. She buried herself with her book again, and turned over page after page, to no purpose; and at last, with a gesture of impatience, closed it, and tossing it on the table whereon Jasper's papers lay, she rose hastily.

Disarranged by the violence with which the book fell among them, and by the movement of her dress as she hurried past, some of the papers fluttered from the table, and one fell close at her feet.

She picked it up with a little cry of surprise—for on it was written her own name, in the hand writing of Madame de Mouline. "Diana Villa," she involuntarily read aloud.

Jasper sprang up, and snatched the paper away just as she was on the point of opening it. His manner showed evident signs of agitation, though he strove to speak unconcernedly.

"It is one of my private papers," he said, in answer to Diana's bewildered look.

"It had my name on it," said Diana.

"Possibly so," returned Jasper, recovering himself; "but it need not necessarily be intended for you. As it happens, it is simply a memorandum for my own benefit, which my sister wrote out. The circumstances in which it can be of the slightest concern to you may never arise. If they should, I shall inform you upon the subject. At present, the paper is simply a matter of my own—a private paper."

"I wished, I hoped—" began Diana, half in apology—"it seemed so natural that it should be mine. I never had one word from Madame de Mouline during her illness. I thought she would have written one line—one little line, to me."

"I gave you her messages. She was too weak to write to you. This was not written lately: it is an old memorandum, if you will notice," and Jasper pointed to the other side of the paper, which bore a date of some years ago. "It did not come into my hands until after her death; and now—" and he paused, as though considering something—"it is not likely to be of any use."

Diana turned away in disappointment. If it could have been only one word of comfort, of advice. If Madame de Mouline were only alive now. Just when she wanted a friend to counsel and to guide her, she was left alone. The Signora was very kind and very good, but the Signora did not understand English ways and English feelings; besides, there was a great gulf between them which Diana could not pass over.

"You must pray to the Madonna, my child," the Signora had said more than once. "She is very pitiful. She understands the hearts of maidens in trouble."

And Diana having wept, like Lady Lillicraft over the story of Annette Delabre, half wondered whether the Madonna could possibly make intercession for her.

But though it all seemed beautiful and poetic for Annette Delabre and the Signora Neri, Diana's willful instincts turned away from deriving comfort from the suggestion.

The Signora was an Italian. She had lived in the land of Madonnas and saints: and she had read the lives of the latter, and engrafted them in her own, until, in her little English cottage, she seemed to Diana as somewhat approaching a saint herself.

The tiny parlor of the tiny cottage tended to carry out the illusion. Its pictures of the Holy Family, of Madonnas, saints; its statuettes and crucifixes, its carved chalices and candlesticks, its *prie-Dieu* chairs, and constant flowers beneath the painting of the patron-saint of the Neri family, made it, in her eyes, almost an oratory wherein Signora pursued her life of constant devotion. Even the place did not appear out of place, for Signor Neri's music always sounded to Diana like a prayer.

There was a peacefulness about the room that always produced an effect upon Diana; and the slight, tall figure of the Signora, in her long black dress and shining rosary, approximating to a conventual habit, that made Diana feel that the Signora Neri was in some way apart from the world.

Apart she certainly was from the world at Broadmead, which slipped its waves past her, without gathering her into its tide;—a straggling seaweed stranded upon the bank, whose delicate fibres were well worthy of adding a touch of beauty to its waters.

She had often soothed Diana when she had come to her in trouble, and Diana had left her quited and consoled—not strengthened, perhaps, for different natures require different supports, and what seemed all-sufficient to the Signora was incomprehensible to Diana. Besides, the one had passed through life, the other was only beginning it; and there were many battles to be fought before the great calm that settles upon all thinking, reasoning lives should come.

Nevertheless, she was one of Diana's props, never failing her; and Diana felt, at the present moment, that she could sleep more serenely if she could only hear the Signora's gentle voice, that always sounded like a benediction, say to her, "Good-night, *carissima*."

She knew it was a childish wish, and quite out of the question to gratify it; though the long twilight that was only becoming gray now would have lighted her, could she have framed a pretext for going to the Signora at such an hour. And then, the explanation would take too long—if explanation that could be called which was merely speculative; and into speculative difficulties the Signora never entered.

"It is not come," she would say. "Who knows if it is to come? The good shepherd counts his sheep, as in the day, so on the darkest night; and he will not suffer harm to come to them. Be at peace."

But it was not in Diana's nature to be at peace—she was too young, too light-hearted, too restless. Like the green wheat, she shrank in the cutting wind: she must grow nearer to the harvest ere she could bend unscathed beneath the blasts of heaven.

She gave a half sigh as the wish and her inability to gratify it passed through her mind; and turning to the window, she watched the moon rising and bringing back to sight the gray distance that the deepening twilight had blurred.

Jasper, who had apparently busied himself with his papers, pushed them aside—all but the memorandum, which he thrust carefully into his pocket. He could not even make a pretence of seeing any longer. No one wished for lights. Mrs. Seaton had fallen asleep, and was dreaming over her surprise. Jasper's face was still contracted, and he would not have cared for any one to read the workings of it; and Diana's moon-watch would have been at an end if lights had been brought in.

She stood silently in the recess formed by the great bay-window; and the moon began to tip the outline of her face and figure with ivory, giving a sculptured appearance to the heavy folds of her black dress.

At her half-sigh, Jasper, who had been hesitating, moved away from the table, and stood beside her.

She gave an impatient shrug, for it annoyed her.

"You said this afternoon that I was wicked, Diana. You believe me to be everything that is bad. Perhaps I am"—and there was a degree of emotion in his voice that Diana had never known before—"but if I am, others are as much to blame for it as myself."

Diana turned quickly. Was it possible that Jasper might have the intuitions that were coming to herself? Could he be unlike his former self all at once? Was he, too, awaking? And in spite of her anger and distrust, she felt sorry for him; though the mixture of conflicting elements produced an unpleasant and unsatisfactory feeling.

"Will you promise me one thing, Diana?"

"What is that?"

"To wait a little before you utterly condemn me."

"Condemn you?"

"Condemn me," he repeated—"which I know you do in your heart. I told you the truth, and you did not believe me. I am quite ignorant of Mr. Carteret's coolness. Time may explain it; and until then, it is but fair that you should defer your opinion of me."

"Jasper, how strange you are," said Diana. "You are not a bit like yourself to-night."

For the anxiety that Jasper had betrayed to stand well as to his sayings and doings was an entirely new development. Usually, he was totally regardless of what any one might think or say. He threw public opinion to the winds, and generally acted in defiance of it.

"Is there anything strange in desiring not to be misunderstood?"

"Not for any one else," she replied.

"Why for me?" he asked.

"Oh, you never care about any one," she answered, carelessly.

He was about to reply unguardedly; but he checked himself.

"Perhaps it has never been of material consequence until now," he said; "but when a guardian is accused of conniving at the unhappiness of his ward—"

Here Diana interrupted him, in spite of her gloomy fears and meditations, with a laugh.

"Jasper, I cannot imagine what is making you talk such nonsense. You might be a hundred years old. I have never looked upon you as a guardian. I have never felt the least afraid of you—never believed in your authority in the least. I only began to think of it the other day."

And then why she had thought of it sprang up to recollection, and she stopped short in what she was going to say.

"Don't think of it again, then," said Jasper; "only think of me as your friend."

What power did Jasper possess over her, that she was already beginning, in spite of all her convictions, to put faith in him again—that she was beginning to feel her own shortcomings, in a way she had never felt them with John Carteret, immeasurably superior as she knew him to be to Jasper Seaton?

Possibly, she had naturally been more guarded with John Carteret; or, rather, there had been no temptation to develop the ungoverned depths of her nature, as she seemed impelled to do with Jasper. Possibly, too, the higher nature of John Carteret had acted as a guide and shield, though she knew it not—nor did it enter into her philosophy to reason it out. The fact was clear before her that so it was, and she looked not to the cause.

And before she retired to rest that night, she had taken half the blame away from Jasper, and was wondering what she had done to offend John Carteret.

CHAPTER XI.

RAINBOW COLORS.

"Di!"

She was out on her balcony among the flowers, and had not heard the door open. And, with a cry of surprise, she sprang through the window again, wondering how John Carteret had found his way there—for he had never been in her room before.

"John! I am so glad."

Then she glanced at him, half shyly, to see if there were any trace left of yesterday's cloud; but the eyes that met hers told her the shadow had passed away, though John Carteret looked very grave.

"What made you come here?" she asked, still wondering.

"Mr. Seaton told me where to find you."

"Jasper!"

"Yes. I have been with him for more than an hour."

"Did you like him?" she asked, anxiously. "What did you think of him?"

"I found him straightforward and agreeable."

"Oh!"

It was a relief to her; and yet the very relief that it afforded caused a thousand doubts and fears that had vanished at the sight of John Carteret, to crowd into her mind again. She wondered if it were possible that he and Jasper should coincide in their views. How else could it be that they had agreed so well? Yet Jasper was quite inexplicable to her. First he was one thing, then another—that made her now fear, distrust, dislike him; and then again win back her confidence, and make her blame herself for her injustice towards him. There was a continual balancing of opinion, owing to Jasper's changeful mood; and she scarcely knew, at the present time, which scale was heaviest weighted. And as she looked round the room that had lost so much of its lustre in her eyes, and contrasted John Carteret's dignified presence with it, she seemed to become suddenly aware that anything mean-looking and poverty-stricken in connection with John Carteret had something anomalous in it. And she pursued the line of thought until it reached herself individually; and she began to ask herself whether he would, when he came to consider calmly, think it well to marry one who had no prospect of wealth, but whose inheritance was poverty.

John Carteret's eyes wandered round the room also. Perhaps his thoughts were in unison with hers.

Diana's eyes followed his wistfully.

"Everything is my own," she said, somewhat apologetically. "I chose the room myself. I might have had a better one; but the sun comes in brightly, and the flowers make it look pleasant; and I thought it did not matter for things to be old and worn, if one felt happy. And, as I have no money of my own, John, I thought it would be better for me to feel that I was quite poor at once. I thought I should do it more easily up here than in one of the grand rooms; and I have been very, very happy. Does it seem very, very shabby?"

She spoke earnestly; for the mere words were but the surface of her thoughts, as she watched his eyes roving round the apartment—noting, as she well knew, every single detail. Nothing was escaping him; and a look of sadness came into his face.

"You do not like it?" she said sorrowfully.

But John Carteret was reading more deeply than she had given him credit for.

"I like it better than the most splendid palace," he replied.

"Nonsense!" she said, laughing with a joyous, ringing laugh—for his words removed a load from her heart. "I do not want you to like it half so well as that."

"I like it better," he answered, very gravely.

"And you don't think it so very, very poor—too poor, I mean, for one to see every day?"

But he did not answer her question.

"Di," he said, "I have something to say to you."

"Yes. Something very good, I hope. Now, sit down in my great arm-chair, and I will take the little one; and you shall explain to me what was the matter yesterday, and what made you vexed with me. You can divide it into heads, like a sermon; and you must put all your best thoughts into it."

"I shall."

"Very well. Now begin. I am listening most attentively."

He laid his hand upon her arm.

"Diana, it is something serious."

"Nothing bad—is it?" she asked, in sudden alarm.

"Something that must be said," he answered.

She drew her chair nearer to where he was sitting; and, leaning slightly forward, fixed on him a steadfast gaze. All Jasper's reasoning of the previous day rose to remembrance. It was an omen of evil that her lover had been communing so long with Jasper, and that Jasper had shown no unwillingness for him to come to her—nay, had even sent him. Yet, surely, John Carteret knew that she had nothing to expect from the Seatons? He must know it. Whiter and whiter grew her face, as she waited for John Carteret to speak.

Apparently he had some difficulty in doing so; for he more than once half began, and then paused. At last, he said—

"Diana, I have done wrong. A poor man, like myself, with years of hard work before him, and only poverty to offer, had no right to ask you to be his wife. You know nothing of the world, and you do not know how bitter a thing poverty is. When I reflect, it seems to me almost cowardly to have done as I have done; but I lost sight of it in my happiness. I gilded the future with imaginary gold, and hope made me believe that I could conquer impossibilities. But in the last few days my eyes have been opening, and I see that I had no right to offer you such a lot as mine. I might turn aside from the path I have chosen to one more lucrative; but I cannot do it. There is a voice crying that I cannot silence; I dare not turn away, unheeding."

He paused for a moment, but Diana did not answer. She came still nearer, as though she feared to lose one word that he was speaking.

"Di, I scarcely know how to say it, but it seems to me right that I should release you from this engagement. You are little more than a child, and yet the best years of your life may pass away before I have a home to offer you. I ought not to bind you by a promise to me. It is scarcely the act of an honorable man."

And again he paused. But Diana sat speechless, waiting to hear the end—her eyes dilated with a dreamy terror, and her lips quivering with intense emotion; but still she remained motionless; a listening statue, that scarcely seemed to breathe.

John Carteret went on.

"I have talked over everything with Mr. Seaton, and—"

But at Jasper's name, a shiver of life agitated the silent statue, the color flooded the face, the light leaped into the eyes. Diana sprang up, and stood before John Carteret—almost defiantly.

"And now you are speaking Jasper's words, and not your own," she said. "He has been persuading you, as he would have persuaded me. He has no doubt told you of, has urged upon you the folly of our engagement, until you have come to see it as clearly as he does. How dare you repeat his words to me!"

Yet, even as she spoke, the flush faded away, and the fear returned; for might it not be even as Jasper had said?

"You do Mr. Seaton injustice. He urged nothing upon me. He, perhaps, may view the matter in as strong a light as you have represented; but, in actual words, he merely agreed with me."

Diana's heart grew faint. She grasped the back of the chair near which she was standing. How could John Carteret speak so calmly, so impassively, if he cared about her as she had thought he did?

"John!"

So strangely unlike her usual voice, that John Carteret looked at her in alarm.

"Di, my darling, what is it?" And he would have put his arm round her. But she shrank away from him, and in the same low, hoarse voice, asked—

"Is it true?"

"Is what true?" And he drew nearer, in spite of the hand that waved him away.

"That you mind about—about—" she was going to say "money," but it seemed so sordid a thought in connection with John Carteret; therefore she changed her sentence—"that you mind poverty very much? I thought you knew that I had nothing—that there is no one to give me anything. I thought that you were quite sure of it, John, that I had, and should have, nothing."

The quick color rose in John Carteret's face. Had the same insinuation been suggested to Diana also? And the dislike and jealousy of Jasper Seaton, that had been smoothed away during their late interview, began to return. For Jasper had exerted himself to be—as he could when he chose—everything that was agreeable. He had exerted his powers of fascination; and John Carteret left him feeling that he had too lightly suffered himself to be prejudiced against Diana's guardian.

"Is it because I am so poor that you have spoken those untrue words?" she continued, without awaiting a reply to her speech.

"You would not be poor Diana. Mr. Seaton told me that he intended to settle three hundred a-year upon you if you married."

"Jasper!" she exclaimed. "How wonderful! How extraordinary!"

And then she recalled Jasper's request of the previous night. After all, he was proving himself her friend; and it was her captious, ungovernable temper that always stood in the way.

Mrs. Seaton knew that, under present circumstances, it would be impossible for us to marry; and he proposed this as a solution of the difficulty. He mentioned being under obligations in his boyhood to your father, and that he would feel this an opportunity of gratefully repaying the debt."

Diana stood as one stunned. It was perfectly incomprehensible; and, in her bewilderment, she almost forgot what John Carteret had been saying. What could have induced Jasper to alter his determination so suddenly? Then she remembered the paper he had snatched away, with her name written upon it. Could that have anything to do with it? Could some loving request from his sister have caused him to act in this unexpected manner?

"I did not think Jasper was so good," she said, though she could not emerge from the perplexing cloud that enveloped her. "Three hundred a-year is a great deal. It would be enough to live upon, even if you had nothing at all. Jasper has always been very kind."

And Diana relapsed into a compunctious state of feeling.

Again a sharp twinge passed through John Carteret.

"Mr. Seaton is doubtless very good," he answered, a little coldly; "but his very goodness has opened my eyes, and shown me clearly the position in which I am placed. I cannot accept this money from him."

"But he is not going to give it to you—only to me. You do not mind that?"

"He gives it to you solely in the event of our marriage—in consideration," he said, bitterly, "of our having little or nothing to live upon."

He put the case clearly, and in its most humbling form—very different, indeed, from the courtly manner in which Jasper Seaton had insinuated the idea.

"And," he continued, "I cannot accept it, Di. No honorable man would consent to live upon another's wealth."

"I shouldn't mind taking it from Jasper in the least," returned Diana. "He has already more money than he knows what to do with; and now he has all Madame de Moultine's as well—or, at any rate, the greater part of it. And very likely he thinks that Madame de Moultine would have been glad for him to give me some of it. I am almost certain that that was what he was thinking of when he proposed it."

"Nevertheless, it is Mr. Seaton's money, to all intents and purposes, and as such I must look upon it."

"Well, then, do not take it. But, John," she said, and she shivered involuntarily, as all her doubts and fears began to return, "what has this to do with—with what you seemed to wish—with those words that you did not say from your heart—did you, John?"

John Carteret drew her nearer to him.

"Di, I cannot marry you until I am a richer man; and that seems to me so far off, that I do not think I ought to keep you to this engagement, that appears all but hopeless."

Again Diana started up, her eyes full of defiance.

"Hopeless!—it is too late to think of that now. Why is it more hopeless than it was a few weeks since? Have you or I grown poorer?"

"I have grown wiser," answered John Carteret.

It was an enigmatical answer, and Diana felt it to be so. Perhaps Jasper Seaton was right, and John Carteret did not really care for her. She hesitated a little before she spoke again; and then, still thinking of Jasper's words, she said—

"You have repented?"

"I have—but not according to your interpretation. I ought never to have asked for your love, Diana."

"What else could you have done, John?" she inquired, naively.

"That is the difficulty," he replied. "I did what I ought not to have done; and it makes it all the harder to do what I ought to do—which is—"

But Diana stopped him.

"Which do you think it is right to do, John—to keep your promise, or to break it?"

But the question was more perplexing than it had seemed to John Carteret during his conversation with Mr. Seaton. Then his duty seemed very clear to him, seen in the light of the rays that Mr. Seaton threw over the points as they appeared. Now he wavered.

"Shall I tell you what your thoughts are?" asked Diana. And without giving him time to reply, she went on—"Your thoughts are all wrong, and full of pride, John—if you will only look deep enough. I thought you were quite perfect, and that no fault could be found with you; but I was mistaken. There is a phase of the old original sin lurking within you—one which is, perhaps, almost the greatest cause of misery and wrongdoing in the world: and that is pride. And if you will examine into your heart, you will see that it is the root of your present honorable feelings."

"Di!"

"Hush! You must not be too proud to learn from me, though I am an inferior. To satisfy your pride, you are willing to make me miserable, and yourself miserable too—that is, if you *do* care about me, John. Hush!" she said again, as he was about to interrupt her, "and hear what I have to say. You have no right to end our engagement. It is a matter over which you have not entire control. I will not be released from it, excepting on one condition. I do not care for riches, for comforts, for waiting—even if I waited till your hair was white as snow, and the day of our marriage was our last day upon earth. All these things would not move me. There is only one reason for which I will agree with you that it is honorable to put an end to our engagement."

"And that—"

"Is, that you have mistaken your own feelings, and that you have ceased to care for me!"

"That will never be," said John Carteret, very firmly.

And after all he had reasoned out so excellently, so eloquently with Jasper Seaton, John Carteret felt himself but a weak mortal. But then, he had not heard Diana's arguments!

"Di," said John Carteret, after a pause, "can you trust me?"

"Yes. What do you mean?"

"Are you strong enough to believe in me, in spite of all that may seem against me?"

"Yes," she answered, looking up at him, and wondering what he expected of her.

"Di, I told Mr. Seaton that I would not claim your promise to be my wife until you came of age, and could choose legally for yourself. As I refused the sum he offered to settle upon you, it was only right that I should engage to do this; and from this promise I cannot draw back. Much may come in three long years—sorrow, trial, doubts, and disappointments. It almost seems as though I ought not to ask you to bear so great a burden—at any rate, that you ought to think it well over before you undertake it."

"It requires no thought," returned Diana, softly. "Three years will go by like a flowing river. What are you dreaming of, John? Have you been distrusting me of late? Are you growing tired of me; and do you think I am as unstable as the wind, and only a spoiled child?"

And her eyes looked straight into his; and the look that met hers brought up, all at once, the remembrance of the first time she had seen him, and of the sermon to which she had listened so attentively; and the words of the text floated round her, "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove, for then would I flee away, and be at rest."

She had been nearer rest since she had known John Carteret; and through him, in the end, she should find it. She knew not how, but she knew that it would be so; and she was content to wait, to trust, to hope. He was her strong rock, her castle. Whither else should she turn?

"John, I would keep my promise for a thousand years."

And what could John Carteret urge in answer?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BESSIE'S NAP.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY M. A. HAMMOND.

Bessie Bartlett was a roly-poly little body, plump as a partridge, with large blue eyes and curly, yellow hair; she was tolerably bright, and could make herself agreeable, but she had one failing, an overpowering propensity for going to sleep. She could curl herself up like a lazy little poodle and sink into slumber at any hour in the day, though her favorite time was in the evening, when undisturbed by visitors. But this fatal tendency to sleep lost her a "chance," and a very good chance, too.

A gentleman of unexceptionable morals, manners and means had been introduced to Bessie. It is true her heart did not become *much* interested in this desirable specimen, but she was a prudent young woman, with a keen eye to substantial comforts; and though she thought love well enough in its way, she did not by any means consider it was to have matters arranged entirely in its own fashion. If one could have love and some important items also, it was right and well to have it; but love *without* the items was nonsense indeed. So you see Miss Bessie's slumbers did not at all blunt her sharpness. She was careful not to give her friends the benefit of her wisdom on this subject, being shrewd enough to see that people—particularly young men—are not usually charmed by such evidences of "old heads on young shoulders." So when love was talked of she merely smiled sweetly, gave a shy glance, and then let the white lids fall over her blue eyes; that little manœuvre giving her an innocent look that was really quite captivating.

When Mr. Felix Hamilton first became known to Bessie, she decided quietly that in all probability she would never again have as good an "opportunity," and the best thing she could do would be to improve it; so to that improving she steadily set herself, and began diligently to study and humor the likings and weaknesses of the object of her matrimonial designs.

Mr. Hamilton had lately returned from Europe, and greatly did he delight in discoursing upon his travels; he found no one who listened with the absorbed attention to his narrations that Bessie bestowed upon them; he could talk excellently well as far as mere diction went, but there was not the slightest morsel of flavor in his descriptions, and tiresome indeed his poor listener found them. Still she persevered, smiling at the right moment and looking the very picture of interest—just when he was the dullest, too; but that was the time when it was necessary to exert herself the most, and conning Miss Bessie know it. She always consoled herself by thinking that after they were married she could take comfortable naps while he droned on.

"And have a right nice house to snooze in, too, without bothering myself to listen to all this twaddle," thought cool-headed, cool-hearted Bessie.

The gentleman, on his side, looked on Miss Bartlett as a young lady of taste and character; he told a mutual friend, who repeated his opinion to the delighted Bessie, that he thought her exceedingly agreeable, and possessed of much intellectual discrimination, by which it is easy to be seen that the fair student had applied herself to the matter in hand in a highly scientific manner.

Affairs continued to progress favorably; Mr. Hamilton made the proper amount of calls, and then commenced the spending of evenings at regular intervals; as Bessie generally knew the nights he would be there, she never failed to fortify herself by sleeping all the afternoon, thereby enabling herself to endure the wearisomeness of the evening with the best grace in the world. But the catastrophe came at last.

One dismally stormy night, when the proxy visitor had been there the evening before, Bessie kept awake until nine o'clock, and then coming to the conclusion that there could be no danger of interruption from any quarter, determined to indulge in a delightful nap. She drew up a large arm-chair before the open coal fire—Bessie lived with an old uncle who scorned "registers,"—and put her feet on the high, old-fashioned grate-pan; but she was not warm enough yet,—open fires impart more heat to the face than the back—and she loved encircling warmth like a cat; she remembered that in a certain closet, under the staircase, hung a neglected overcoat of her uncle's, and with a lazy sigh of relief at having something near at hand, she went in search of it. It was rather dusty and ancient, but she gave it a shake, and returning to her easy chair, seated herself with the coat around her, and her feet in their former position; taking a survey of them she was seized with the idea that she would be more comfortable if her boots were unlaced, and that she might as well go through the little operation now as at bedtime. After that arrangement she drew the old coat more closely around her shoulders and settled herself; in five minutes she was as fast asleep as she had ever been in her life.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Felix Hamilton was advancing with all due speed towards the abode of the fair sleeper. The night before he had been speaking to her of an especially fine view which he had seen in Italy, during which account Bessie had gently clasped her hands and wished with modest fervor she could behold it, though, she added, she could almost see it, from his vivid description. That afternoon the vivid describer called at a friend's house, and in looking over a portfolio of engravings came across the identical view. Animated with a desire to show it to the admiring and appreciative Bessie—who did not care an iota for scenery—he borrowed it for a day, and carrying it off in triumph, waited impatiently for the evening; but just as he was about to set off with his prize, he was detained by a person calling on business; that despatched, he looked at his watch anxiously. It was late, but he had promised to return the engraving the next day, so despite the hour, the wind, and the weather, he started out.

Bessie had been reposing long enough to be in the very depths of slumber, when Mr. Hamilton rang the bell; she didn't hear it; in fact, would not have heard the ringing of a dozen bells, and when the servant opened the parlor door to admit the visitor, she was blissfully unconscious still. Both visitor and servant stood aghast. The gentleman gazed in speechless consternation. Was this creature, huddled in a disgusting old coat, with her feet in the air, exhibiting unlaced boots and dangling strings, the lovely girl he had spent the previous evening with? The servant, shocked at the disreputable appearance of the young lady, hastened to her side and endeavored to awaken her and withdraw the coat; the first result was a decided snore; the second, a cross grunt and a fierce clutching at the elegant wrap; Mr. Hamilton meanwhile interposing feeble entreaties that Miss Bartlett should not be disturbed; at last the servant, desperate between the two, gave a sound shake to the sleeping beauty that caused her to sit up and blink about her with a very tipsy look; unfortunately deep sleep imparted that expression to Bessie's countenance. After staring a moment she discovered her visitor, who was watching her with a horrified look that he vainly endeavored to turn into a smile. Bessie was too stupefied to recollect his name; she had only a sufficient glimmering of sense to understand it was some one she ought to know, and with a vague impression that she must be cordial, tumbled out of the chair, still holding the coat tightly around her, and seizing the hand of the reluctant visitor shook it vigorously, assuring him in a familiar manner that she was really glad to see him.

She presented a spectacle that was simply dreadful to the eyes of Mr. Hamilton, one of the most particular of men, she was so very much disarranged and at such total variance with all he admired in a woman. To be sure, in a moment she recovered her wits—but alas! not her influence over the disenchanted Felix. With a face as red with confusion as it was before with sleep, she handed the coat to the servant, arranged her hair as well as she could, straightened her collar, and seating herself endeavored to put matters on the footing of the night before; but all to no purpose—the hesitating speech and wandering eyes of her companion showed his desire to terminate his stay as soon as possible; and when, after showing her the view as the reason of his late call, he bade her a hasty good-night, poor Bessie saw plainly her "chance" in that quarter was gone.

A few days after Mr. Hamilton went away to spend some weeks with a relative; on his return he commenced paying assiduous attentions to a young lady the very opposite of his former flame, inasmuch as she scarcely slept a wink even at fitting hours for slumber, but spent half the night in gazing out of the window, or in reading the deepest kind of poetry; a waste of precious time that Miss Bartlett could never have been guilty of under *any* circumstances whatever.

In the first bitter pangs of failure Bessie nearly vowed she would never go to sleep again except when securely tucked in bed; but suddenly abandoning that wild idea, she determined to console herself by taking as many naps as possible; a resolution certainly satisfactory to herself, if to no one else.

The Bride of Lammermoor.

When Scott gave to the world "The Bride of Lammermoor," (in 1819,) he contented himself with saying that the incidents on which it was founded had actually happened in a noble Scottish family, but he declined mentioning the real source whence he drew the story.

The following is an outline of the facts, so far as they can be gathered from history. Scott has laid the scene of them in East Lothian, in the *east* of Scotland, and located the seat of the Master of Ravenswood at "Wolf's Crag," a fictitious stronghold or fortress, in a pass through the mountains of Berwickshire into Lothian, near the sea. But in reality they occurred at Kirkliston, in Wigtonshire, in the *west* of Scotland, where was the estate of the Earl of Stair, and also that of Dunbar of Baldoon. Lammermoor is a range of hills running through the shires of Haddington and Berwick to Coldingham. The Bride was always called by her family "The Bride of Baldoon." Her name was the Hon. Janet Dalrymple, eldest daughter of James, Viscount Stair, Lord President of the Court of Session, in the reign of William and Mary. Her mother, Margaret Ross, of Balniel, was a haughty, overbearing, unscrupulous, and ambitious woman, who seems to have domineered over her husband and family, and especially over Janet. This young lady had secretly plighted her faith to Lord Rutherford, a man of good family, but who had been impoverished by the part he had taken in the religious and political troubles of the times. She was courted by David, eldest son of Sir David Dunbar, of Baldoon, and (according to Sir William Hamilton of Whitelaw) a nephew of Rutherford; and as his father was more wealthy than the latter, Lady Stair favored his advances and insisted on Janet's accepting him. The unhappy girl then threw herself upon his generosity, and informed him of her early attachment and solemn engagement to Rutherford—but he cruelly and ungenerously persisted in his suit, in spite of her aversion to him, and she was forced to marry him. Rutherford protested against it and insisted on having a private interview with her. This, however, Lady Stair prevented, and Janet, passive in her hands, returned him the troth plight at her command, and he left the room uttering maledictions on the mother. The marriage took place on the 24th of August, 1669. Great festivities were held in honor of it. In the midst of them the bride and bridegroom retired to their nuptial chamber, and shortly afterwards piercing shrieks were heard issuing from it. The bride's brothers rushed to the door of the chamber, forced it open, and found the bridegroom lying across the threshold dreadfully wounded and streaming with blood. The bride was discovered in the corner of the large chimney, in her night-dress, dabbled in gore, a raving lunatic. She survived this horrible scene little more than a fortnight, and died on the 12th of September. Baldoon recovered from his wounds, but sternly prohibited all inquiries respecting the manner in which he received them. He was killed by a fall from his horse on the 28th of March, 1682. Rutherford died abroad in 1685; he had left Scotland, it was said, after the fatal night, and never returned. But Scott was ignorant of the tradition of the district, which was that Rutherford had, during the festivities, concealed himself in the nuptial chamber, and had attacked the bridegroom the moment he entered it, and wounded him. A window, which was found open, showed how Rutherford escaped into the garden and eluded pursuit. And this is probably the true story.

☞ The intermarriage of two families in Maine is remarkable. One consisting of four sons and one daughter, has married all of a neighbor's children, four daughters and a son.

☞ Red ants are used to flavor Swedish brandy.

THE BREAKING OF A WEDDING-RING.—An article in Chambers's Journal on matrimonial superstition contains the following:—

"The breaking of a wedding-ring is an omen that its wearer will soon be a widow. A correspondent of Notes and Queries found this fancy current in Essex a few years ago. A man had been murdered in that county, and his widow said: 'I thought I should soon lose him, for I broke my wedding-ring the other day; and my sister, too, lost her husband after breaking her ring. It is a sure sign!' Such superstitious notions are far more prevalent than one would suppose, and the schoolmaster will have to work hard and long before they are entirely eradicated in our land."

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The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2400 head. The prices realized from 4@7¾ cts ₩ lb. 250 Cows brought from $30 to $60 ₩ head. Sheep—17,000 head were disposed of at from 5@10c ₩ lb. 8000 Hogs sold at from $6,50 to $6,75 ₩ 100 lbs.

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A Few Words to the Ladies.

Many ladies, particularly mothers nursing, complain of a tired, listless feeling, or complete exhaustion, on arising in the morning. On the wife and mother devolves the responsibility of regulating the duties of the household. Her cares are numerous, and the mental as well as the physical powers are frequently called into requisition. She often finds her slightest occupation a weary task and existence a burden, while at the same time she has no regular disease. HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, if resorted to at this period, will prove an unfailing remedy for this annoying lassitude. The effects of this potent agent are soon seen in the rosy cheek and elastic step of the head of the family, as with restored health and renewed spirits she takes her accustomed place in the family circle. If this friend in need be regularly used, those depressing symptoms will never be complained of, and not only would lassitude not be experienced, but many diseases following its advent be avoided. As a medical agent it has no equal, while its pleasing flavor and healthful effects have made it a general favorite. It is free from all properties calculated to impair the system, and its operations are at once mild, soothing, and efficient. All who have used the Bitters attest its virtues and commend it to use. july1-4

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I have used a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine for fourteen years, and can testify to its usefulness in every department of family sewing. Recently I have exchanged for a new machine with modern improvements, and am satisfied nothing can excel the Grover & Baker.

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IN JUNE TIME.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY KATHERINE KINGSTON FILER.

In June time opulent of roses,
My kingly Philip came to me;
Blue-eyed he was, with beard of gold—
My love was princely grand to see.
Ah! beautiful was sky and earth and sea
What time my stately hero came to me
With dear affection glorified and tender,
Illumining my soul with wondrous splendor!
My love!—my Philip, O!—(Ah, me!)

In June time opulent of roses,
After the years had passed away,
We twain clasped closely willing hands,
And trusting, hoping, went our way.
Ah! beautiful was sky and earth and sea
When my own hero, Philip, dear to me,
With kiss of husband sealed his manhood's vows,
And wreath of wifehood graced my maiden brows!
My love!—my Philip, O—(Ah! lack-a-day!)

In June time opulent of roses,
Out cried the Northland's trampled heart.
A myriad banners fanned the air,
A myriad cheers for war did start
Old Peace from slumber 'mong the purple hills,
Lulled by the cadenced trills of mellow-bills;
And as we filled the soldier's haversack,
We sang aloud, nor yet the tears kept back.
My love! my Philip, O!—(And oh! my heart!)

In June-time opulent of roses,
Philip who wooed me, called me wife,
Woo was your father, little one,
Kissed me with noblest kiss of life,
A glory in his gestures, in his eyes,
All love-illumined, deep as April skies;
And went to battle pains for me and you
Beneath the grand old banner of the blue.
My love, my Philip!—(Oh! my life!)

In June-time opulent of roses,
In sombre hour of midnight, stilly,
Beneath the clouded moon he lay,
And on his breast a withered lily—.
Ah! that the pitying stars alone above
Watched o'er the dead! Afar were eyes of love
Turned, looking to the South through longing tears;
Were sighs that find not silence after years!
(O Philip! O my broken lily!)

In June-time opulent of roses,
The grass in wind of midnight shivers;
The crimson blossoms bud and blow,
Trailing beside the Southern rivers
All lily-laden, sweeping to the sea,
Whose moaning rises up incessantly;
And wandering winds hush low their sighful sound
Above his slumbers in the quiet ground.
(O Philip!—Oh! my broken lily!)

AND THEN?

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY CLIO STANLEY.

"Florence, I am sure you wrong yourself! You *have* a heart, and too late, perhaps, you will find it out."

There was a mournful tenderness in Amy Chester's voice, which caused her sister to look up hastily.

Amy, in her earnestness, had rested her hand lightly on her sister's arm, and a mist of sadness veiled her beautiful blue eyes.

"Richard's love is not a common love, my darling; nor is his honest preference to be despised. Some other man *may* win you for his wife, Florence, but not one will ever woo you so royally as Dick Pennoyer!"

"He woos me as other men woo, I suppose, with sweet words and occasional caresses, for which we must be grateful; and I acknowledge the fact that I shall miss him when he is gone. But—"

"Oh, Florence, you do love him, then! Recall him before it is too late! He loves you well enough to come even now at your bidding."

"You did not let me finish my sentence," said Florence, with a smile. "If he should win, how would he *wear* me? *Not* like a jewel of which he might justly be proud; *not* like a flower perfumed with its own rare purple; but as some modest daisy whose modesty is its only charm, and which must be content to bloom unseen in the shadow of *his* royal robes!"

"And what *happier* destiny than that, dear sister? You will be enshrined in his heart, and his love will make your life so golden-full of glad days, so ripe with all sweetness, that you will never miss the sorry adulation of the careless crowd, or care for the garlands they would wreathe you!'

"I care very little for the purple robe, if there be no broidery on it; nor for love, if it come *alone* to the feast! No, Amy—your sweet teasing is useless—I shall marry Silas Martindale."

Amy's lips quivered, as they always did when her heart was in a tumult.

"*Why*, Florence?'

"You want me to enumerate my reasons, you dear little goosie? Well, in the first place he is rich, and I can have all my heart desires in the way of luxurious surroundings; you know I am not like you, Amy, and I could not endure the touch of a hand soiled with the dust of machinery."

"But you *have* endured it!" ventured Amy.

"Yes. But you don't understand the difference between a lover and a husband. The one washes his hands and puts on perfumed gloves before he ventures into your presence; the other could—well, come in his shirt sleeves if he felt like it; and that would do away with all the romance!"

"Florence! Dick Pennoyer would never do that!"

"Literally, perhaps not. But there would be a hundred ways in which I should know that my husband was once a working-man."

Amy was silent, though her brave heart throbbed with indignation.

"And then," continued Florence, "Mr. Martindale is not only wealthy, but his connections are good—such a family as I should be proud to acknowledge; but Dick Pennoyer's sisters have actually worked in a mill, and even more one of them does fine sewing for old Mrs. Martindale! Very probably she may do it for me when I am married."

"I will waste my breath on you no longer, Florence, but the time will surely come when you will regret this decision. You may have fine jewels, fine dresses, fine carriages, and fine friends; and you may have a heavy purse, yet *not* a light heart! When you are tired of all the glitter and show, *what then?*"

Was it only the wind that blew across her face as Amy opened the door and passed out, or was it a sudden hint from the unseen world that lies about all of the dreariness of a life without love. Years afterward Florence Martindale remembered the impression of that moment, and could have answered the question. For she married Silas Martindale as you have foreseen.

She became the mistress of his fine house, and his many servants, yet not one among them was so completely a slave as she.

Strangers looking in her beautiful face, thought her a proud woman, and well content; only Amy studied her gravely, and wonderingly feeling that she was often unhappy in spite of the luxuries with which she was surrounded.

For eight years she endured her bondage. At the end of that time all the world knew that it was a golden tie which had united them, and not the dear love which binds in one two married lives.

There was a terrible accident on the railway—a single night of terror in which despair of her husband's life, and a wild hope of freedom were strangely mingled. And then it was all over, and Florence Martindale was a widow.

It is terrible to be alone with a great grief shut in from the light and warmth of the pleasant social life to which one has grown accustomed; to be haunted by the gray phantom of a lost happiness which we know can never return! yet I think it was more dreadful for Florence Martindale, shut up for three gloomy months with an accusing conscience.

When the three months were ended, she threw open the shutters of the great house, opened her doors to merry company, and appeared among her guests in the gay colors which she used to wear, herself gayest among the crowds which gathered to welcome her return to their little world.

It was one night in early Autumn, when her house was full of company, that she met Dick Pennoyer.

He had risen steadily in his chosen profession; had won well-deserved laurels from his fellow-citizens, and had been in Washington two winters.

She had heard his name often, and her heart throbbed tumultuously at the thought that at length she was free, and could *afford* to marry the man she had always loved.

The music was at its merriest and the dance at its gayest, when Mrs. Martindale found an opportunity to leave the room, and by a roundabout way reached the conservatory, where she was sure she had caught a glimpse of Dick Pennoyer's handsome figure.

But some one was with him, and she paused, undecided how to act. The second person was a woman, who stood with one little white hand on her companion's arm. The rustle of her dress betrayed Mrs. Martindale's presence, and turning suddenly, Amy Chester stood revealed to her sister's eyes.

"Amy! Is it you? I have been looking for you everywhere. Some of your friends are going and have asked for you."

Perhaps even then Amy had been holding out to him a shadow of hope—his face was so bright and glad—and if it were so, she would give him an opportunity to ask the question again, to which she had given such scornful answer nine years before.

"One moment, Amy," Dick Pennoyer said, taking the little hand in his own. "You must know, Mrs. Martindale, this dear little woman has been making me a half-promise, which only awaits your sisterly sanction to seal it. I love her, and want her to be my wife!"

For one moment, Mrs. Martindale forgot herself. The earth seemed to reel under her feet, and she caught at a flower-stand to keep herself from falling.

"Florence, are you ill?" exclaimed Amy, springing to her side. "Forgive me that I did not notice it sooner."

"No, Amy," she said, while a crowd of lonely anticipations swept over her, making her shiver even in that warm, perfumed air. "I am not ill—only faint. The rooms are so close. If you will only go in and take my place while I get a breath of fresh air, I shall be well enough. And I congratulate you *both* on the happy years before you."

They went in together into the warmth and radiance, while Florence Martindale stood alone under the light of the stars, disappointed in the best hope of her life.

She never married again, and in the quiet, lonely life she led for years afterward, many a time the words which Amy had spoken to her so long ago, came back with a sorrowful meaning which she had learned too well to understand.

Circumstantial Evidence.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX.

About twenty years ago there was a case in one of the Eastern States where a man was tried, convicted and executed for murder. It was known that he slept with a friend who had some money—several hundred dollars—in bills which had been paid him a few days before. In the night the friend disappeared; there was blood on the pillow and traces of it all the way from the door to the river which ran near the house; a bloody kerchief belonging to the suspected man was found near the river, and the marked money was in his possession. He could not account for the others disappearance, and turned both red and pale when accused of the murder. Could any stronger proof be needed? But after the execution the missing man wrote to his parents announcing his safe arrival in California, and as soon as he learned what had happened he explained all the unfortunate circumstances. He had determined to go to California, but kept his intention a secret except from a person in a neighboring town who was to accompany him. Before retiring on the night of his disappearance he had exchanged money with his bed-fellow because the bills he held were not the kind he wished to carry. He awoke in the night and found himself bleeding at the nose; seizing a kerchief which lay on the table, he went to the river to stop the blood. On his way there he dropped the kerchief, and just as he was returning to the house his intended companion appeared and urged him to start at once for the Pacific coast. Fearing to disturb some one he did not return to the house, but proceeded with his friend who furnished him with hat, coat and boots as soon as they reached his residence. His bedfellow slept soundly and knew nothing of his departure. The explanation was clear, and established the innocence of the man who had been convicted, but it could not return him to life.

MY WIFE.

BY MIGNONETTE.

I have not found her, but I know
That somewhere on the fruitful earth
The stars of love and joy have sung
Their welcome to her happy birth.

I have not found her, yet I know
How year by year the gentle days
Have led her up, through light and shade,
The lovely heights of woman ways.

I dream her eyes are softly dark,
But whether dark or heavenly blue,
I know the light within them is
My life's North Star—so bright and true!

I dream her mouth is sweetly proud,
Reticent—since it waits for me;
And 'round her brow her brown hair lies,
In perfumed wavelets, light and free.

Of voice, and hand, and lightsome step,
The blissful kisses of her mouth,
I dream—as one who, winter-bound,
Dreams ever of the radiant South.

I have not found her; yet I shall,
Though fate seems coldly to defer;
She is my own, and I will keep
My life all pure and true for her.

KITTY'S STRATAGEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY BERTIE BRUCE.

"Kitty Wells, have you taken leave of your senses? Why can't you be reasonable and be guided by them that knows better than you what's good for you?"

"Why mother, what would you have me do? You *can't* expect me to marry that old man, and live with him and that cross, contrary old Hetty? And what would poor Joe say if he *should* come home again, as you know he may, mother."

"If Joe Malin is in the land of the livin', he is some other woman's husband; and you will never see him again. But I don't believe he is livin'; if he was we should have heard something of him before this. And as for that *old* man, as you call John Thorne, what do you call an old man? Why he ain't a day over forty; don't I know his age? I ought to, for many's the sleigh-ride he took me—and many a nice walk we used to have to church and singin'-school before I knowed your father."

"Then it seems to me that if you are old enough to be my mother, he is too old for my husband," retorted Kitty, desperately.

"Nonsense! Better be an 'old man's darling than a young man's slave,' I don't want you to hev the life I hev had, workin' and toilin' to help a young man make his fortune; marry a fortune ready made, and you can enjoy it before you git too old. Why John Thorne must be the richest man in the township; he kin keep you a lady, and you will hev nothin' to do but to look after things a little."

"His sister Hetty will do that, and a wife would not be allowed to have much to do in the management of her own house."

"So much the better for you then; you would hev nothin' at all to do but ride about and enjoy yourself."

And busy, scheming Mrs. Wells betook herself to her bread-baking; while Kitty put on her sun-bonnet, and taking up a small basket went into the garden to gather currants for pies.

Kitty was the only child of a farmer in one of the southern counties of Pennsylvania—a farmer who had never "got along," with whom everything went wrong.

Poor Mrs. Wells had been obliged to work harder than the Maryland slaves across the border, and what wonder if she came to regard money as the one great good of this life, and a "managing" man as the crowning glory of woman. What if the "managing" man did haven few gray hairs sprinkled among his black ones, or a few wrinkles on his manly brow? All the better, for gray hairs indicate wisdom, and wrinkles, care and forethought. And when John Thorne began to ask Kitty to accompany him to camp-meetings and singing-schools, and drove up, radiant in blue coat and brass buttons, in a buggy new and shining behind a spanking pair of bays, Kitty's fate was sealed and she was mentally set down for John's wife.

She resisted all the more bravely, that she believed her lover, Joe Malin, would yet return from the wars and claim her. He had enlisted in a regiment ordered to the far South during the war; and though all the other members had been accounted for as killed, wounded, or returned, no account had ever been obtained of poor Joe. Kitty had been hoping against hope, and her mother had long believed that he either filled an unknown grave, or had married in the South and settled there. This was her biggest gun against Kitty's determination to wait for him—and she always noted with secret satisfaction, that Kitty had no answer for it.

At last Kitty must decide. John Thorne, little doubting the answer he should receive, as he believed so sensible a mother as Kitty's could have none but a sensible daughter, put the question, one day, sitting in his shining buggy, on a camp ground, a few miles from her home.

"You know Kitty," said he, "you won't hev nothin' to do but to set and sew, and ride about, as Hetty will 'tend to the kitchen work. She says she don't want no young girls about *her*, and that she'd rather you'd jist keep out of the kitchen and bakery, for she knows what young girls is, and she'd rather have their room than their company."

"But, Mr. Thorne," faltered Kitty, "I have not yet accepted you. Indeed, indeed—"

"Don't be in no hurry," interrupted John, complacently; I'm willin' to give you time to think about it, but when corn-huskin's over I will have time to git married, and I guess you kin make up your mind by that time."

Kitty had one hope left, that her mother would not know that John had "spoken," and therefore could not urge her until he had. But that reed broke under her, for John, before leaving that evening, intimated to Mrs. Wells that,

"Kitty knowed his mind, and he would like to know here as soon as she could let him."

And thereupon began a course of urging and argument that almost drove Kitty frantic, and made her wish herself anywhere but on the dear old farm that had been her home all her life.

John came regularly once a week, usually Saturday evenings, and Mrs. Wells as regularly lit the lamp in the front room, and sent Kitty in, and asked her, after his departure, whether she had given him an answer. And Kitty always said,

"Not yet, mother."

But this could not last forever, and John, as well as Mrs. Wells, became impatient. One evening when John was there, Kitty was knitting a yarn stocking for the Soldiers' Aid Society. She worked in silence, only broken by the click of her needles in and out of the blue mesh. John's great gray eyes had been furtively watching Kitty's deft little fingers, and at last he broke out with,

"Kitty, when are you goin' to let me know your mind about that matter I spoke t'ye about at camp meetin' ?"

"Oh, I don't know, Mr. Thorne," said Kitty, "you said I need not hurry, and I have not thought much about it; there's time enough yet, isn't there?"

"Well, it's 'most time I knowed what you're goin' to do, for, you see, corn-huskin' 'll soon be over, and I calculated to be married soon after that."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Thorne," said Kitty; "when this stocking is finished I'll give you my answer. Will that suit you?"

"How long do you calculate it will take you to finish it?" asked Mr. Thorne, with characteristic caution.

"Oh, not long; see, it is nearly half done already."

"Well, I s'pose I must be satisfied with that, though I don't like to be in uncertinty so long."

"Oh, that won't be long now; as soon as ever it is finished you shall know."

And Mr. Thorne went away, better pleased than he would permit her to see, for it was one of his "managing" ways in all sorts of bargains, that he should not seem too well pleased with his share of it.

After this, Kitty seemed to knit as industriously as ever, but somehow her stocking made little progress; it was as unlucky as her father's farming, and stitches would be dropped, entailing the ripping of several inches, or the kitten would get into it and tangle up the yarn and needles to such an extent that she was compelled to draw out the latter and take up her stitches again, and between it all, when Saturday night came again, little had been done toward finishing.

John had inquired very particularly of the notable Hetty the length of time required to manufacture a stocking for him, and upon her assurance that she could finish one from top to toe in three days, with her other work, he had attired himself in his best Sunday suit, given his Hyperian locks an extra twist, and furnished himself with sundry oranges, pea-nuts, etc., to speed his wooing. As to her answer he had little fear; there wasn't a girl in the neighborhood, he knew, who wouldn't be glad to ride in that shining buggy behind those bays and call them her own. Kitty's apparent hesitation did not trouble him; that was only womanly artifice to enhance the value of her acceptance. Didn't he do the same thing when he wished to make a good trade? and feign indifference and depreciate his opponent's property while affecting disinclination to part with his own? *He* knew all about it; Kitty was quite ready, only she must not be urged too much.

Late in the afternoon Kitty dressed herself and seated herself upon the front porch. She carried in her hand a little basket that contained her knitting, but before unrolling it she sat quietly and thoughtfully looking out upon the scene before her. It was beautiful and peaceful, its peace contrasting pitifully with the disquiet in her poor, torn heart. Divided between the wish to please her mother, and her hope that she should yet hear something of Joe that would justify her in delaying a decision, she could not bring herself to open the hated stocking and begin her task, and at last bending over she put her white face into the brown little hands, and hot scalding tears fell between the fingers. She sat thus so long that a spectator might have thought her insensible. Suddenly she heard a step upon the gravel walk, and was about to turn and fly from the hated man, when her hands were gently removed from her face, and she was almost forced to raise her eyes. But those were not John Thorne's pale blue eyes, nor that his broad, stolid face! They were brown eyes that she knew well, Joe Malin's, dear Joe's, and in a moment Kitty lay in his arms, and with her head upon his shoulder, sobbed and wept the happiest tears she had ever known. But she was calm at last, and sat quietly beside him, while he recounted to her his hair-breadth escapes, the story of his wounds and subsequent illness, his capture and imprisonment, his escape, and his final success in getting across the lines into a friendly country.

Mrs. Wells was in the kitchen at the back of the house, and knew nothing of the new arrival, but when she heard John Thorne's bays drive up, she lit the lamp for the best room, and bustled out upon the porch to call Kitty in to receive her lover. Her vexation almost equalled her surprise, when Kitty presented Joe, but she repressed it, from real kindness of heart, and welcomed the motherless young man, for his own sake as well as for Kitty's.

But what was to be done with John Thorne? He expected his answer to-night. After a little consideration, Kitty took Joe's arm and marched him into the parlor, and there presented him to Mr. Thorne as her answer. He was rather chagrined, but, true to himself, he concealed his vexation under an assumption of indifference, congratulating Kitty upon the return of her lover, and Joe upon getting *one* of the best girls in the county for a wife.

And so Kitty's little stratagem ended. And poor Mrs. Wells, though disappointed at first, soon came to look upon Joe as one of the best husbands and "managing" men in the county.

The Half-Drowned Boy.

"It was during the summer holidays of 1800," said Mr. Bowers, "I had a young friend staying with me and my younger brother Edward. His name was John Raynor; and how he came by so much information as he seemed to have I do not remember that we troubled ourselves to inquire; but my father, who liked John exceedingly, said it was from his constant habit of observation. He was then fourteen, only two years older than myself. One evening, during the absence of my parents, we occupied ourselves with assisting our old gardener. The garden sloped down to a broad river, which joined the sea at a few miles' distance. I was not so busy but I looked up every now and then to watch the beautiful sunset that sparkled on the water, or the passage of boats and country barges that glided by at intervals. Suddenly I observed, at a small distance, something floating on the water.

"'It is the body of a boy!' said John, and in a moment flung off his jacket and threw himself into the water. Fortunately he was a good swimmer, and his courage never left him. He swam with all his strength toward the floating body, and seizing with one hand the hair, with the other directed his course back to the shore. We watched eagerly, and the moment he came within reach, assisted him in laying the body on a grass-plot. My brother Edward recognised him as the son of a washerwoman, exclaiming, as he burst into tears:

"'Poor woman, she will never see her boy again!'

"John replied, in a hurried tone:

"'She may, if we lose no time, and use the right means to recover him. Edward, run quickly for a doctor; and, as you pass the kitchen, tell Susan to have a bed warmed.'

"'We had better hold him up by the heels, or roll him on a barrel,' said the gardener, 'to let the water run out of his mouth.'

"'No, no, no,' exclaimed John; 'by so doing we shall kill him, if he is not already dead. We must handle him as gently as possible.'

"When the body had been carried into the house, the gardener urged John to place the body near the kitchen fire; but after a little persuasion, they yielded to John's entreaty, and the body was rubbed dry, and placed on its right side between hot blankets, on a mattress. The head was placed on a pillow; four bottles were filled with hot water, wrapped in flannels, and placed at the arm-pits and feet, while the body was constantly rubbed with hot flannels. John then took the bellows, and having blown out all the dust, directed me to close the mouth and one nostril, while he, by blowing in at the other, filled the chest with air; he then laid aside the bellows, and pressed the chest upwards to force the air out. This was done from twenty to thirty times in a minute, to imitate natural breathing. All this time the windows and doors were left wide open. Edward at length returned without the doctor; he was absent from home. The use of friction, with warm flannel, and artificial breathing, continued for one hour and a half, and no signs of life appeared. John continued his efforts. Another half hour passed, and to the inexpressible delight of us all, the boy opened his eyes and uttered a faint sigh."

What a good thing it was for the mother of this poor boy that John Raynor once read, on a framed printed paper, "Rules of the Humane Society for Recovering Persons Apparently Drowned." Better still, that he had taken pains to remember them. Every item that we can glean, calculated to benefit the distressed, should be treasured in memory's garner for the hour of need.

Work.

No product of the vineyard, or field, or the sea, however aided by inventive art, will furnish a welcome repast to one who sits in listless idleness on a downy cushion half the day. It is by labor that man comprehends the existence of Deity, and the beauty and utility of His works—to adorn the earth and bring forth its productive power, and to expand the human mind and body.

Every person in society should produce, physically or mentally, as much for society as he requires to receive from society for its full enjoyment. No father can transmit to his son the right of being useless to his fellow-creatures. The man who earns not his bread, but eats that of idleness is, so far as the original intention is concerned, leading a life of doubtful morality. A moral and intellectual being disdains to lead a life of uselessness; for, rich or poor, strong or weak, every idle member of society is either a knave or a fool.

Why, man of idleness, labor rocked you in the cradle, and has nourished your pampered life; without it the woven silks and wool upon your back would be in the silk-worm's nest, and the fleeces in the shepherd's fold. For the meanest thing that ministers to human want, save the air of heaven, man is indebted to toil; and even the air, by God's wise ordination, is breathed with labor.

Female Delicacy.

Above every other feature which adorns the female character, delicacy stands foremost within the province of good taste. Not that delicacy which is perpetually in quest of something to be ashamed of, which makes merit of a blush, and simpers at the false construction its own ingenuity has put upon an innocent remark; this spurious kind of delicacy is as far removed from good taste as from good feeling and good sense; but the high-minded delicacy which maintains its pure and undeviating walk alike amongst women as in the society of men, which shrinks from no necessary duty, and can speak, when required, with seriousness and kindness, of things at which it would be ashamed to smile or to blush—that delicacy which knows how to confer a benefit without wounding the feelings of another, and which understands also how and when to receive one—that delicacy which can give alms without display, and advice without assumption; and which pains not the most humble or susceptible being in creation.

SPEAK THOU THE TRUTH.

Speak thou the truth. Let others fence,
And trim their words for pay;
In pleasant sunshine of pretense
Let others bask their day.

Guard thou the fact, though clouds of night
Down on thy watch-tower stoop;
Though thou shouldst see thine heart's delight
Borne from thee by their swoop.

Face thou the wind, though safer seem
In shelter to abide;
We were not made to sit and dream:
The storm must first be tried.

Where God has set his thorns about,
Cry not, "The way is plain;"
His path within for those without
Is paved with toil and pain.

One fragment of His blessed Word,
Into thy spirit burned,
Is better than the whole half heard,
And by thine interest turned.

Show thou the light. If conscience gleam,
Set not thy bushel down;
The smallest spark may send its beam
O'er hamlet, tower, and town.

Woe, woe to him, on safety bent,
Who creeps to age from youth,
Failing to grasp his life's intent,
Because he fears the truth.

Be true to every inmost thought,
And as thy thought, thy speech;
What thou hast not by suffering bought,
Presume thou not to teach.

Hold on, hold on; thou hast the rock,
Thy foes are on the sand;
The first world-tempest's ruthless shock
Scatters their shifting strand:

While each wild gust the mist shall clear
We now see darkly through,
And justified at last appear
The true, in Him that's True.

—DEAN ALFORD.

DENE HOLLOW.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF

"EAST LYNNE," &c.

[The advance sheets of this story have been purchased of Mrs. Wood for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

CHAPTER XVII.

GUESTS AT BEECHHURST DENE.

The handsomest guest-chamber that Beechhurst Dene afforded, with a small cheerful sitting-room opening from it, had been assigned by the servants to Lady Lydia Clanwaring. The title announced imposing in their care. The heir's wife was really of better family, and an heiress to boot; but she was only plain Mrs. Clanwaring: Lady Lydia was Lady Lydia, and received homage accordingly.

The Lady Lydia Clanwaring was the daughter of a poor and obscure Irish peer; she had absolutely not a shilling of her own in the world. Her father, Mr. Riley, had succeeded to the title suddenly. Perhaps it was the long fight with poverty previously to that, that had rendered her so sharp in worldly interests, so mean in petty details, so grasping in everything where money was concerned. Mr. Riley had never expected to come to the title: when he did so his daughters were grown up: until then, they had all led a scrambling sort of life, their time passed in one long scuffle, trying to make both ends meet; sometimes in a remote corner of Ireland, sometimes in a cheap continental town. After his succession, the Earl was not much better off, for the estate, never worth much, had been impoverished until the income derived from it was of almost nominal value. One of Lydia Riley's sisters had married an officer in an Indian regiment. Lady Lydia went out to stay with them, and there met Sir Dene's son, Lieutenant Clanwaring. Stationed in a quiet place where there was but little society, they were thrown much together, and one day Lieutenant Clanwaring made her an offer: or at least, what she chose to consider one; and in point of fact, he said more than he could in honor retract. Be you very sure she did not let him retract. He would have laughed it off, but found he could not. He had never meant it, he said to himself: it had been said in thoughtlessness, in the incaution of the moment: but he had to abide by it. How very many more men are there who have been caught in like manner! Mr. Clanwaring submitted to his fate with a good grace, and made no sign. Save for a word he let drop in Gander's hearing one night that he came to his father's rather shaky from the mess dinner, he never let it be known that the Lady Lydia was not his best choice. He was but a boy, barely of age: she was three or four years older in years, and half a century in depth. So they were married: and until now had lived together in India. Lady Lydia had had time to get heartily sick and tired of an Indian life, and of making the best of a narrow income. Sir Dene did not allow much to his youngest son: at the same age he, himself, had been obliged to make his pay suffice; and he thought it no hardship for his son to do it. Weary of it altogether, Lady Lydia determined to have a change. She told her husband that the time had come when it was necessary the children should go home, both for their health's sake and that their education should be entered upon. Captain Clanwaring agreed. He was tired of it, too: tired of his wife's fractiousness, and of the troublesome and noisy children. He wrote to his father, asking him to receive them for a time, until suitable schools should be fixed on: and Sir Dene acquiesced with pleasure. On this, the first night of their arrival, Lady Lydia told Sir Dene she should remain about a year in Europe visiting different friends in England and Ireland; and then return to her husband. In her private heart she cherished a very different plan—never to go back at all, but to establish her footing and her home at Beechhurst Dene. And if there was one woman more capable than most other women of carrying out her scheme persistently and bringing it to bear, that woman was the Lady Lydia Clanwaring.

All the way home, amidst the many months' discomfort of the sailing ship—there were no fleet steamers in those days—had she been nursing her eggs and reckoning her chickens. "Sir Dene has neither kith nor kin; he has no grandchild to make much of," she would repeat to herself, "for John Clanwaring and his wife do not go near Beechhurst Dene. The field lies open and clear for me. I will be the place's mistress: my children will be their grandfather's indulged pets and playthings."

But Lady Lydia, to her intense astonishment, found that Sir Dene *had* a grandchild near him, located in his home, allowed to climb his knee at will, altogether made as much of as she had intended her own children should be. More especially had she cherished this intention for her elder son. He was beloved by her in that inordinate degree that mothers do sometimes love their children. It is said that like clings to like. Certain it was, this young Jarvis Clanwaring was remarkably like his mother, in person as in temper. He had the same pale, sharp face, the keen, restless black eyes, with the sly look in them; in disposition he had the same crafty depth, and the secretive, unpleasant temper. The younger one, Otto, was a dull plodding boy, worth ten of his brother—who put upon him always. From the moment Lady Lydia Clanwaring saw the child, Tom, on Sir Dene's knee, she resolved that he should lose his footing there if clever manœuvring could accomplish it.

She stood at the window of her bed-room the following morning, looking out on the early sun. Lady Lydia was by far too restless-natured a woman to lie in bed late, even on the day following a tiring journey; she liked to be up and doing. She had just wound her coal-black hair in coils round her head, and was dressed all but her gown. The fine panorama of scenery lay beyond, with its green fields, its woods, its gleams of water, and its sprinkling of dwellings; Hurst Leet, the little village was near, the fair city of Worcester more distant: all pleasant things to look upon under the blue sky of the autumn morning. But to Lady Lydia they were as nothing. *She* looked with covetous eyes at the park beneath; at the lodge at the end of the avenue; at whatsoever pertained to Beechhurst Dene. "A grand old place," she repeated to herself, "and I'll reign here, its mistress."

The door opened, and she turned sharply round. It was Dovet, the maid: she had reddish hair, and eyes of a fine green, and wore a buff gingham gown with white frills, and was just as crafty as her mistress. Lady Lydia had lost no time. On the previous evening when she went up-stairs to take off her things before supper, the vision of the fair child in his crimson velvet dress clouding her mind, she called Dovet, and charged her to find out all particulars attending the boy—how he came to be there at all, and why. Dovet liked nothing better than to ferret out secrets for herself or her mistress: to do her justice, she was in that respect a faithful servant.

"Well, Dovet," began Lady Lydia, "have you got any of the circumstances?"

"I flatter myself that I have obtained a few, my lady," minced Dovet, who was as full of conceit and affectation as any fine dame of the day could be. "It was quite a error of judgment to have allowed the child to come here at all."

"The mother was a frightfully low person, I know."

"Oh, frightful low, my lady. They live at a farm near; quiet working people; an inferior set altogether. The girl was pretty, and Mr. Geoffry was drawn in to marry her one day when Sir Dene was safe away in London. A fine uproar there was over it. Sir Dene posted down from London with Mr. Clanwaring, and a aunt posted over in her carriage from somewhere nearer. They turned Mr. Geoffry out of the house; kicked him out, I believe, my lady; and he went off to lodgings with the girl. Sir Dene relented a little later, and let him live in a cottage on the estate and made him his servant as bailiff. The girl died when the child was born, and the day after she was interred, Mr. Geoffry came home here again (like his impudence, it seems to me, my lady) and brought the infant with him wrapped up in a shawl. And here the infant have been ever since."

Dovet had got her tale tolerably correct, you see. Fortune favored her. An under housemaid, Patty, who was under orders to leave—through a quarrel with Susan Cole, in which Susan's part had been taken, and hers not, and in consequence of which Susan was just now worse to her than poison—had fallen in Dovet's way. In the woman's sore feeling she had put the worst coloring on the past, as connected with Geoffry Clanwaring and his wife, simply because Susan had been their servant. Revenge makes the best of us unjust.

"The girl's people live near, do they?" remarked Lady Lydia, when she had listened to what Dovet had to say.

"Quite close, my lady. It's a old farmhouse, right opposite the back gates here, just across the lane. The little child is running there everlasting."

"Then why is it that the child cannot be with them altogether?" was Lady Lydia's indignant rejoinder.

"Why indeed, my lady!"

Lady Lydia said nothing further. Perhaps she thought all the more. That this low-born child, this interloper, should certainly lose his footing at Beechhurst Dene and be got out of it, she fully resolved. But she knew that she must proceed to work cautiously: feel her way, as it were. Very smooth and smiling was her face as she went down to breakfast.

"Will you allow me to preside, Sir Dene?" she asked, when her children were seated.

"I'm sure I wish you would—if you don't mind taking the trouble," heartily replied Sir Dene—who, averse to exertion himself, as many who have lived in India are, had been about to tell Gander to stop and pour out the coffee. So Lady Lydia took her place at the table's head—and kept it for the future.

In came Susan Cole. "Is Master Tom to take his breakfast here this morning, Sir Dene?"

"What d'ye say?" cried Sir Dene, who had not caught the words, as he turned his head to the speaker.

"Master Tom is wanting to have his breakfast with you, Sir Dene. He knows, you see, sir, that the other children are here."

"To be sure: let him come by all means," was Sir Dene's answer.

And the lady, busy with the coffee-cups, did not like the glad and ready voice it was spoken in.

So Tom came. In a cotton frock this morning, with his clean, round brown Holland blouse over it. Susan placed his chair at Sir Dene's elbow, and put down his basin of bread-and-milk.

"Go and say good-morning to your cousins, my pretty one," said Sir Dene.

And my lady coughed a harsh and resentful cough at the word "cousins." Tom held out his little hand to them in succession: and each shook it in silence, staring at the boy as if he were a wild Indian. The children had not brought much manners with them. Then Susan lifted him into his seat; and Sir Dene kissed him, and stroked his pretty hair.

It happened that Sir Dene had to go to Worcester that morning, to attend a public meeting. His phaeton came to the door at eleven o'clock. Lady Lydia stepped out to admire the fine horses.

"I want to go, ma," said Jarvis. "I *shall* go."

Lady Lydia appealed to Sir Dene with a sweet smile—

"You will take him, will you not, Sir Dene."

"Can't to-day," replied Sir Dene. "Should not know what to do with him in Worcester."

The lady's face clouded—threatening signs of one of her ugly passions.

"Oh, do indulge him this once, Sir Dene," pleaded the mother. "All is strange to him here as yet, poor dear little fellow."

But Sir Dene was not one to do a thing against his will. On the whole he was not fond of children—Tom excepted—and very much disliked to be put to any personal trouble with them.

"Very sorry, Lady Lydia—but I am going in on business. The meeting may last for hours: it would hardly do for—what's the lad's name—Jarvey—to be left in the streets. The coachman can drive them all out to-morrow."

Sir Dene got in, taking the reins, the groom stepped up beside him, and away they went. Master Jarvey's first move was to fling himself on his back on the gravel and kick and howl as if the deuce had got inside him. The words, please, are Gander's, who was looking on. His next was to spring on his feet, furiously tear up a handful of gravel and fling it after the carriage.

"*That's* nice bringings up," cried Susan Cole, critically in Gander's ear.

"*Her* bringings up!" retorted Gander, with a side nod in the direction of Lady Lydia. "Don't think she knows much about that. One can't expect nothing from a pig but to grunt."

"You don't like her," remarked Susan.

"No more don't I."

"I didn't like her in India—nor nobody else did: young Mr. Clanwaring in course excepted," added Gander, with a curious twist of the mouth. "And I don't like Dovet neither—birds of a feather, they be. Dovet had got her fox's nose inside my pantry this morning, whispering with Patty: I'd like to know the reason why."

Lady Lydia, smarting under the rebuff Sir Dene had given her boy, who was idolized by her as no other human being ever could or would be in this world, retired to her rooms in dudgeon, where Dovet proceeded to unpack, with Susan Cole to help. By-and-by, Lady Lydia put on her bonnet and shawl, and strolled out to the back entrance to look about her. Not a corner of the passages but she took it in with her observant eye; not a bush of shrubs outside, but she noted. Gander, coming to the door to shake a table-cloth, saw her with her nose flattened against the glass doors of Sir Dene's parlor, peering in. With independent ease, Gander did not seem in a hurry to retreat again; he leisurely stood and shook and shook and stood.

"This seems to be quite a business-room, Gander," she remarked, stepping back. "What a quantity of papers lie about!"

"It is Sir Dene's business parlor, my lady."

"His business parlor! What has Sir Dene Clanwaring to do with business?"

"With a big estate like this, there's a host o' business to be transacted; a night o' matters to be done. I know this much, my lady: it pretty nigh drives the master at times off his head. Dell, the bailiff—it's one he took on after poor Mr. Geoffry died—ain't o' much good, as it seems to me, for folks come up here all the same a pestering Sir Dene.—Where do them two paths lead to, you ask, my lady: why the one straight afore us goes direct to Harebell Lane: t'other on our right, the privet walk, 'll take you round to the front o' the house."

Lady Lydia, avoiding the privet walk, chose the straight one before her, and arriving at the gates opening to Harebell Lane. Remembering Dovet's words, she looked out for the Farm: but the opposite hedge was high and hid it. She took her way up the lane on an exploring tour, and reached in time the Trailing Indian.

Two children—dirty little ragamuffins upon whom the Lady Lydia did not vouchsafe to cast a second glance—stood near, blowing alternately at a whistle. The one ran up to show it to her in his sociable nature.

"Isn't it nice? It's Emma's."

To Lady Lydia's unbounded astonishment, she recognized Tom. But Tom in unmitigated grief, so far as his clothes were concerned. In the busy state of the Dene that morning, and of Susan Cole, Tom, neglected and looked askance at by the Indian children, took the opportunity to run off, as usual to Mrs. Owen's. In the lane, however, he was waylaid by Emma Geach, and that young lady seduced him to stay and play with her. Companionship is sweet. Having tasted of it once, she was no doubt hankering after it again, and had come off surreptitiously to find Tom. It is always the women, we are assured, who tempt the men. Running up to the Trailing Indian in search of the whistle, which she had not brought out, Tom fell down by the pond, and plastered himself with green mud. Emma, by way of consoling him, fed him with black berries, and—there he was, face, hands, hair, and pinafore, a picturesque compound of red, and green, and muddy disreputability. Lady Lydia turned her outraged eyes on the other child. An unmistakable ragamuffin, she, of the lowest type: clothes coarse, shabby, torn; toes out of shoes, socks down at heel.

"Is that your sister?" demanded Lady Lydia, her ideas somewhat confused.

"It's Emma," repeated Tom. "Grandpapa said Susan was to buy me a whistle like this, but Susan has not got time to-day."

Every nerve within her revolted at the word "grandpapa," as used by this child, of Sir Dene.

"Where does 'Emma' live?" she asked.

"I lives there," burst forth the girl, with all her native stock, as she pointed to the Trailing Indian.

Lady Lydia cast her eyes on the inn, picked up her skirts, and walked on. "Low-lived little beast!" she exclaimed of Tom, not caring whether the road-side inn born much relationship to him or none. "And it is *this* child of disgraceful connections who has been allowed to get a footing at Beechhurst Dene!"

The high road, running crossways just beyond the Trailing Indian, did not seem to promise much of interest for Lady Lydia, and she turned back. The girl, Emma, had been called into the inn then, whistle and all, and the door shut. Tom, left alone, ran along by the side of Lady Lydia, unconscious that he was doing wrong; did she not belong to the Dene?

"What do you mean by following me?" she stopped to ask. "Why don't you go home?"

"I'm going to grandma's," said Tom. "It's down here. Mary Barber will wash me."

He spoke timidly. The angry face had a look in it that frightened him. Children have keen instincts, and Tom drew behind. At the turning of the lane he suddenly darted before her, and into the arms of a young man who was advancing. A gentle-faced pleasant young man, who wore working clothes. It was William Owen.

"Oh, Tom! what a mess you are in!" he cried—and then took off his hat to Lady Lydia as she passed.

Tom repeated that he was going to ask Mary Barber to "wash" him. Mr. Owen put him down, and told him to make haste about it.

"Who was that?" Lady Lydia condescended to question of Tom, when he came on.

"It was Uncle William," said the child. "He gave me a little boat one day."

Lady Lydia tossed her disdainful head. Uncle William!—a common working clod-hopper! And this objectionable child, with the low connections and the low tastes and companionships, was allowed to call Sir Dene Clanwaring his grandfather, and to have his home at Beechhurst Dene!

The child—the offences of the morning condoned by Susan—appeared at dessert again in his costly velvet dress—only this time it was blue velvet instead of crimson. Susan Cole, in conjunction with Miss Reynolds, the noted mantua-maker on the Parade at Worcester, had been allowed to order attire for him after the pride of her own heart, unchecked by her master. It was with difficulty Lady Lydia kept her temper down to a decent show of tranquillity. She had assumed the head of the table, as she had at breakfast, sitting at the opposite end to Sir Dene. But the temper, bubbling up within her with strange fierceness, betrayed her into an incaution she was not often guilty of—that of speaking at the wrong time.

After the children were gone to bed, and she had been in the great drawing-room a long while alone, Sir Dene came in from the dinner-table. It was the custom in those days for gentlemen to drink a great deal of wine; Sir Dene did not exceed as some did; but he liked a generous glass. To-day, however, the reason of his hardy sitting was, that, fatigued with his tiresome meeting in the city, he had dropped asleep at the table. Lady Lydia, nursing her rage all that while at the prospect of what she was pleased to term her children's wrongs in having found a supplanter in Sir Dene's affections, was just in prime order, and entered at once upon the battle. Very quietly, softly, craftily, and tenderly—just as though she were a sweet angel of consideration, and had no interests in the world at heart, save Sir Dene's and Tom's.

Tom's sad connections were hinted at; Tom's over low predilections; Tom's vagabond state out of doors—as witness how and with whom she had found him that day. For such a child Beechhurst Dene was not a suitable home, she gently pointed out; and—would it not be better to send him to his grandmother Owen's?

"Send him to his grandmother Owen's?" repeated Sir Dene, when he had gathered what all this was driving at—and he spoke a little explosively, as it seemed to his wary listener. "Why what do you mean, my lady?"

"Even at the cost of having to pay a slight yearly sum for his maintenance. Dear Sir Dene, I only suggest it in the child's best interests."

"His interests can be taken better care of at Beechhurst Dene than they would be with his mother's family," returned the baronet. "You must be dreaming, Lady Lydia."

"I fear, unfortunately, that I am rather wider awake in regard to this matter than you can be, Sir Dene," she said, with the sweetest smile her face could put on. "Were the child to remain here, he would grow up with notions ridiculously unsuited to his future position."

"And what do you fancy his future position will be?" retorted Sir Dene, his temper getting up. "The child is my grandson, Lady Lydia; you don't suppose I shall turn him out in the world to follow the plough's tail, do you?"

"Oh, Sir Dene! the plough's tail!" she simpered.

"Well, Lady Lydia, what is it that you mean?" he asked.

And then, vexed in her turn, she said openly that the child ought never to have been at the Dene—ought to be sent from it without loss of time.

"Never, while I live and am master here, Lady Lydia," was the firm answer. "I gave my hand on it to my dear son, Geoffry."

"It is scarcely behaving fairly to your other sons, Sir Dene. To Mr. Clanwaring's well-born wife; to me. The young woman was so very obscure and low a person."

"She was one of the best and loveliest girls the world ever saw—I can tell you that, my lady," returned Sir Dene, in choler.

"But so very low, I say. Were her *friends* not able or willing to receive the child he should have been sent to the parish. It is really not *becoming* to have him here—and to make much of him as though he were a son of the house. Pardon me, dear Sir Dene, I am only speaking in all our interests, his included."

"Very likely you are, my lady; but as your notions and mine don't agree in this, the subject may be dropped. Geoffry was my favorite son; and this little son of his has taken his place in my home."

Sir Dene rang the bell as he spoke—a loud peal that startled Gander. Susan Cole was wanted.

"What is this I hear?" thundered Sir Dene when she appeared. "That you suffer Master Clanwaring to run wild in the lanes and play with any vagabond child he may pick up! Take you better care of him in future, Susan Cole; or else you may cut your service short at the Dene."

And the Lady Lydia, smoothing her fingers over her cambric handkerchief at the fire, found she had spoken somewhat too soon. Her rebellious heart rose up within her, and had to be forcibly controlled to silence.

"Master Clanwaring!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

FRIGHTENING THE PONY.

The June roses were in bloom, shedding their perfume on the air, and the hot midsummer sun lay on the smooth highways, on the plains sweet with the drying hay, on the ripening corn.

On never a smoother and fairer road to look at than the one you have so often heard of, Dene Hollow. The lad on his pony going down it, Otto Clanwaring, must have expected a pleasant ride on its white and level surface. Running after the pony, as it turned out of the gates of Beechhurst Dene, came Jarvis Clanwaring. And, standing with his back against the fence, was Tom. Time has grown older, and the boys have grown with it. Tom is nearly seven now, Otto nine, Jarvis ten.

There is not, except for this, much change in them. Jarvis is thin and wiry as ever, with the same dark, sly eyes; Otto is rather fat, dark, and stolid; Tom has the same golden hair, the frank face, the kindly, thoughtful, rich blue eyes. The three boys are at school, but not at the same one; for Lady Lydia Clanwaring (putting it upon the score of difference in years) had successfully contrived that Tom should not contaminate the same establishment that her boys honored. They have come home for the midsummer holidays; and are tired with the long morning spent in the hay-field. But that Jarvis is very excessively tired, and has besides some appointment connected with ferrets, he would have taken the pony for himself. It is one Sir Dene keeps for the boys' use when they are at home, and is called Whitestar from a white star on its forehead.

Tom is standing perfectly still against the fence, somewhere about the exact spot on which had once stood the dwelling of the Widow Barber. His elbows are pushed back on the lower rail, and he is in a brown study, watching the approach of the pony and its rider. Gander had told him he might go out on the pony that afternoon: but, just as he was about to mount, the two elder ones ordered him away, and took it themselves. Tom feels no resentment; only a little disappointment: it does not occur to him that he is ill-used, for he has become accustomed to give up to his cousins in all things, just as a servant yields to his masters.

Otto put the pony into a gentle canter, and came on; Jarvis was following slowly on the pathway. As the pony passed Tom, it swerved violently, as if startled, dashed off at a gallop and threw its rider. Jarvis rushed up in a fury.

"You young hound!" he cried, seizing on Tom's head and beginning to pummel it, "what did you frighten him for?"

"I didn't frighten him," said Tom.

"You did, you varmint! I saw you."

"I didn't, Jarvis; indeed I didn't," cried Tom.

Otto came back, rubbing his head and looking ruefully. His clothes and face and hair were all dust; his temple was grazed.

"Was it him did it, Jarvis?"

"Of course it was him, nasty little devil! He's always up to some mean trick."

"Otto, I didn't," persisted Tom. "I didn't do anything."

"I heard him give a hiss, and I saw him kick his leg out and pitch a stone; and it frightened Whitestar."

Now this barefaced assertion of Master Jarvis's was neither more nor less than a deliberate lie. He had all his mother's ingenuity of invention, and was never happier than when exercising it to the detriment of the scapegoat Tom. A scapegoat in the fullest sense of the term, he; and destined to be one, poor fellow! as you will find when you read on.

Otto looked from one to the other—on his brother's thrust-out face with its evil black eyes; on Tom's piteous one, with its running tears. Otto had this good quality—that if he knew a lie to be a lie he would never uphold it; no, not even for Jarvey. But Otto was by no means good-natured, he was too selfish to trouble himself to be so; and moreover he was being reared to despise Tom and put upon him.

"I never stirred my leg or hissed, and I didn't heave a stone," pleaded the lad earnestly. "It wasn't me, Otto."

Jarvis kicked, and pummelled, and pushed, and so drowned the words in pain. A man who had caught Whitestar, was leading him up. Thus the damaged party entered the Dene gates. Lady Lydia, seeing it from her window, came flying out to learn what the matter might be, and heard of Tom's iniquities. Poor Tom's voice was like a little piping reed amidst the fierce ones of his accusers: even in self-defence he scarcely dared to lift it in the presence of Lady Lydia. She had long ago inspired him with an awe that he trembled at, but did not attempt to subdue or resist.

They had it out in the hall: Dovet and some of the inferior servants looking on. Gander was not in the way; neither was Sir Dene. Lady Lydia was in a silent passion of rage: she, to do her justice, believed, in this instance, that Tom was guilty. When did she *not* believe him guilty of anything he might be accused of? Had Jarvis brought to her a story that Tom had drunk the Severn dry, she would have given ear to it.

Baby though he was, or but little removed from one, she hated him with a bitter hatred. The fear of Sir Dene had not let her entirely crush him; but she was doing her best towards it in a quiet way, always working on for it safely and silently.

"Wicked, crafty reptile!" cried Lady Lydia, her eyes ablaze with a flashing light. "Poor dear Otto, poor inoffensive boy, riding by without thought of treachery, must have his pony startled and his life put in danger by *you!* Take him, Dovet, and whip him. Whip him well."

Dovet seized on Tom by the hand to bear him off to punishment. It came pretty often, this chastisement, and Tom neither might nor dared resist. On trying to resist once, the whipping had been redoubled: in Dovet's hands, a strong woman, Tom was not only powerless, but conscious that he was. He submitted so quietly in a general way, that Dovet was quite astounded at his breaking from her now.

It was only to run back to Otto. A sweeter disposition than heaven had implanted in this little orphan of Geoffry Clanwaring's never was possessed by son of man. He could not bear, literally could not *bear*, that another should suffer through him. Lady Lydia had reiterated to him that he might have killed Otto: and the words struck sorely on the child.

"Otto, I'm going with Dovet to be whipped," he said, the tears streaming down his face, "but I didn't do it. Please don't think it was me, Otto."

There had been no latent thought in his mind that this further denial would prevent his punishment. Without a moment's hesitation he turned to Dovet's capturing hand and was caught by it, his little legs running to keep up with her strides, his tears flowing.

"Mamma," said deliberate Otto, after giving a minute or two to ponder matters in his mind, "I'm not sure that it was him. He doesn't tell stories often."

Tom never told them. One of the chief characteristics of the boy was simple, innate truthfulness. He had learnt to be silent and take as his due unmerited correction, but an untruth he had never told in his life. No one at the Dene believed this: even its master almost doubted. The fact was, Jarvis and Tom were so very often in opposite tales, the one's word against the other's—and Jarvis was both keen and crafty, with his mother to back him, and moreover had the advantage over Tom by three years, and generally contrived to make his own assertion appear good—that Tom was beginning to be looked upon by some of them as an audacious little story teller.

"I say it mightn't have been him, mamma," repeated Otto, a second time, finding that he received no notice. "Shall I go and tell Dovet not to whip him?"

"No," sharply returned Lady Lydia. "He does not get whipped often enough, low-born brat!"

"But if he didn't frighten Whitestar?" persisted Otto: who was not without a sense of justice.

"Not frighten Whitestar! Did you not hear Master Clanwaring say he saw him! Hold your tongue, Otto."

Just as she had called her husband Captain Clanwaring—and Major Clanwaring now, for he had got his promotion—so did she generally speak of her eldest son as "Master Clanwaring," even to his brother and sister. Otto to the servants was "Master Otto;" Tom simply "Tom" when she condescended to name him at all; she generally spoke of him as "that boy."

Tom took his punishment with tears and sobs; not loud but deep; if he had made much noise Dovet would have treated him to a double portion. She kept an old thin leather slipper for the purpose, and whipped him soundly with that; Dovet's expression was "warmed him," and she did it kindly.

Lady Lydia Clanwaring's resolve to remain and rule at Beechhurst Dene had been admirably carried out. Very soon after her arrival, trouble sprang up with the servants. She, assuming full control and management of the household affairs by Sir Dene's will, introduced certain new rules and regulations, which the old servants rebelled against. Warfare waged hotly. Blame lay on both sides. Lady Lydia was arbitrary and haughty; they, long accustomed to their own will, were disobedient and insolent. The result was, they left in a body; Lady Lydia dismissed them. All went, including the housekeeper and Susan Cole. My lady had tried in a cautious manner to get Gander out also and failed, Gander was perhaps a firmer fixture at Beechhurst Dene than she was. A new set of servants came in, engaged by my lady, and things went on peaceably. She made Dovet housekeeper, under herself; but Lady Lydia was the real manager. That she was a very good one, could not be denied: with fewer servants, there was a vast deal more of quiet order and less of outlay. Sir Dene felt the benefit of her rule: his pockets were saved, he had greater comfort; he was grateful accordingly, and learned to put trust in the Lady Lydia. As to her quitting the Dene, such a thing was never named. Sir Dene was glad to have her there, the house had wanted the controlling law of a mistress, and it left him at liberty to be absent as much as he chose, knowing that all was going on in due order at home. He was away more than ever, for he had grown to like a London life.

Of course these frequent absences of Sir Dene put absolute power into the hands of Lady Lydia. She ruled with despotic will. She was rather nearer in housekeeping matters at these times than the servants liked: they whispered one to another, that of the liberal sum allowed by Sir Dene, a good portion of it went into her own pocket. Which was true. Little Tom had hard times of it at these intervals. If it happened that Sir Dene was away during the Christmas or midsummer holidays, Tom felt the loss severely. Scarcely ever was he allowed to dine at the same table as his cousins, but was banished to Dovet's room and took his meals there. The children, taking their cue naturally from their mother, had wholly despised him from the very day of their arrival; they did not look upon him as one of the same order as themselves, but as an inferior and dependent; and the feeling grew and grew. Even in the matter of dress, he was not as they were: the old clothes of Jarvis and Otto were mended up for him: what few new things had to be bought were of a coarse and poor description. Sir Dene failed to see it, or to detect the miserable influence at work. If he noticed that Tom looked less well dressed than the others, Lady Lydia would say Yes, because he spoils his things so. In truth, Tom's clothes often came to grief; but it was chiefly through Jarvis. Jarvis did not spare him: he boxed Tom, he tore his clothes, he sent him up trees and into ponds. Somehow or other Tom was always in trouble, and the house in a commotion on account of Tom's misdoings. Continual dropping will wear away a stone; and the complaints of Tom's sins were so continual, that Sir Dene, sick and tired of it, grew hard upon the boy himself. Where's Tom? sometimes the baronet would say, missing him from the rest: and then Jarvis or his mother would tell some bad tale of Tom, and my lady say she had banished him for punishment. Which meant either that he was consigned to Dovet's society, or to his bed in the garret, or shut out of the house to run abroad anywhere. She got to say that Tom's bad example would contaminate her children: she assured Sir Dene that he was the "greatest little liar" under the sun. Poor Tom, cowed, timid, sensitive, intensely generous, did not often defend himself: how could he when his words, truth though they bore, were flung back in his teeth by the others? And so Sir Dene got to think less well of the boy and to suffer the slighting treatment cast on him—not that he saw, or suspected, the one half of the oppression. But he loved Tom still in his heart—far better than he would ever love Jarvis or Otto.

Tom's punishment with the slipper over, he was put to stand by Dovet in a corner of the room, his face to the wall. Leaning his head against it, he cried away the smarting pain, and finally cried himself to sleep. Gander came in and saw him crouched down on the floor, his poor little face, the tears still wet on it, upturned.

"What's been the row this time?" familiarly demanded the butler.

"He has almost killed Master Otto," was the comprehensive answer of Dovet, who was whisking away at some cream with a whisk.

"A'most killed Master Otto!" repeated the startled Gander. "How on earth did he do that?"

"Master Otto was on the pony. He kicked out and shouted and started it on, malicious little wretch—and poor Master Otto was thrown."

"Why—what made him do it?"

"What makes him do other wicked things" retorted Dovet.

"Did he do it?" said Gander.

"Did he? Don't I tell you he did?"

"Well—look here, Mrs. Dovet. There's always something or other being brought against the child—and I don't believe he is in fault one time out o' ten. Now don't you fly out like that: keep your tongue for others. One o' these days I shall be telling the master how the child's put upon. As to malicious, that he never was."

"Suppose you mind your own business, and leave other folk's alone," suggested Dovet with composure.

"He's Mr. Geoffry again all over, that child is. *He* had got no maliciousness about him, he hadn't."

Dovet whisked away.

"The very moral of his father, he is," went on Gander, "save that he's a sight more timid and quiet—Mr. Geoffry never was that. The child has got that from his mother. And a good thing too: else you'd ha' broke his spirit, afore this, among you."

The voice and step of Sir Dene in the passage outside, stopped Gander. The baronet had come in by the back entrance, and was walking straight to the housekeeper's room, a bunch of water lilies in his hand.

"Put them into water, Dovet. Lady Lydia—"

He caught sight of Tom at that moment, and stopped. The noise aroused the boy, and he stood up. Sir Dene saw something was wrong.

"He has nearly killed Master Otto, Sir Dene," spoke Dovet, in explanation. "Leastways 'twas not his fault that he didn't. Little mean, disreputable boy, as he is, I'm sure!"

At that moment Tom did look tolerably disreputable. His face dirty with the rubbing and crying, his pretty hair rumpled into a tangled mass, his clothes dusty and untidy. Jarvis and Otto, hearing the entrance of Sir Dene, came trooping in, followed by Lady Lydia. And Sir Dene was made acquainted with Tom's iniquity.

"How came you to do such a thing?" demanded Sir Dene sternly. "You naughty, mischievous boy! Suppose you had killed him?"

"I didn't do it, grandpapa," replied the child, his blue eyes raised to Sir Dene's through their blinding tears. And those eyes, Geoffry's over again, never failed to make their own way with Sir Dene.

"You did not do it?" he said, more gently.

"Indeed, indeed I did not. I was by the fence and I never stirred."

Jarvis fiercely interposed. He had *seen* it all, he said: Seen the kick-out and the stone flung after Whitestar, and heard the hiss. As usual, it was word against word; Tom's feeble and tearful, Jarvey's bold and self-asserting. But for those earnest blue eyes that so brought back his dear son Geoffry, Sir Dene had not hesitated. He looked from the one boy to the other—as Otto had done in Dene Hollow—and wavered. Sir Dene had his private reasons for thinking Jarvey might be mistaken. Mistaken, you understand; not wilfully false. The Lady Lydia did her best always in confidential moments to persuade Sir Dene that his eldest grandson (eldest in years) was an upright little gentleman, next door to an angel.

"What have *you* to say about it, Otto?" asked the baronet. "Did Tom do this thing, or did he not?"

"I couldn't see, grandpapa. I had my head turned the bank way: Tom was against the fence."

"Did you hear him hiss?"

"No, I was whistling."

"Or feel the stone?"

"No, and I didn't feel the stone. I think he must have flung the stone, else way should Whitestar have started? He'd not take fright for nothing."

Sir Dene did not feel so sure of that—remembering the particular spot it occurred in.

"You might have heard the hiss he gave down at Hurst Leet," protested Jarvis. "You might have seen him fling the stone a mile off."

And then the talking nearly overpowered Sir Dene, and quite bewildered him. Lady Lydia said there *could* not be a doubt about it—Master Clanwaring had seen all this with his own eyes; and she furthermore said that Tom had done it in revenge, because Otto had taken the pony when he wanted it for himself. To have listened to her, Sir Dene might have thought that there never existed so wicked a little lad on earth, as this waif of his favorite son's. Nevertheless, he believed that the charge might have arisen from misapprehension, the pony not having been wilfully started. He knew also that boys, at the best, are carelessly mischievous, doing ill sometimes in very thoughtlessness.

"If I thought you had done this thing, maliciously, Tom, I should flog you myself—and that I have never done yet," he said. "I can but believe that some action of yours, perhaps unintentional on your part, startled the pony. You beg Otto's pardon directly, sir; and tell him you will be more careful for th future."

Never daring to maintain that he was wholly innocent, Tom, his eyes streaming, did what he was told, and begged Otto's pardon. The very fact of his doing it without any demur, convinced some of them that he was guilty. In a degree it did Sir Dene.

But, seated alone in the solitude of his own bay-windowed parlor, the baronet, weighing the matter in his mind, believed that the pony might have started of its own accord. For he had grown, even he, Sir Dene Clanwaring, had grown to dislike that spot for horses.

Accident after accident had continued to take place upon it. The series, inaugurated by Sir Dene's own horses—the reader may remember the day he was being driven down the road by poor Geoffry—had culminated only a month or two ago in a very singular mishap indeed. How many there had been between the two does not matter: several; but not one fatal. Drew the bailiff had recovered partially of his: he could go about in a hand chair, and talk and laugh and eat his meals at will: and his had been the worst case.

Dene Hollow, smooth and level and well-kept road though it was, was getting a bad name. People talked about the "shadow" on it a great deal more than Sir Dene liked. Not that any shadow was ever seen there by human eyes, but the popular belief was that there did in some way exist at times that shadow, and horses were startled at it. Sir Dene thought it was the most ridiculously absurd notion a sane parish had ever picked up: and no doubt the reader is thinking the same. The fact, however, was indisputable—and I am recording nothing but the truth—that horse after horse had been startled there in a mysterious manner: mysterious because there was apparently nothing to startle them. Twice over Sir Dene had had the road examined by officers connected with what was called the post-horse duty, lest any imperceptible roughness or ridge might be found to lie on it—but nothing of the kind could be discovered. Whenever Sir Dene drove or rode up or down it now, he held his horses very carefully in hand; for though he utterly scouted the superstitious gossip around, he could not scout the fact that horses did come to grief there, frequently and unaccountably.

Two last mishaps is one to be noticed. A gentleman named Dickereen, living in Hurst Leet, died; and his remains were to be taken to a small village church, lying out beyond the Trailing Indian. The funeral was proceeding up Dene Hollow at the usual decorous pace, Hurst Leet bell tolling solemnly, and Hurst Leet having turned out to watch the progress. A funeral of the better class, involving a hearse and mourning coaches, with a black chariot in front for the parson in his surplice, and sticks and mutes and feathers, was not an every-day sight in the rural district. As the hearse approached the ill-omened spot (the parson's chariot having passed on soberly) the four horses, with one accord, as it seemed, attempted to turn suddenly round. The driver, scandalized at their behavior, stopped it of course, and whipped them up. But no: the horses would not go on. And what precisely happened then, nobody could afterwards tell, for all was over in a moment. There was a noise, a bustle, confusion: undertakers' men on foot ran, drivers shouted: in the midst of it the hearse seemed to spring up on the bank with a violent jerk, which sent the door open and the coffin out end-ways.

Only think of the scandal to a sober funeral! Hurst Leet remembers it to this day. What could have possessed the fat, steady, slow-going horses, hardly ever moving beyond a foot's pace—that they should have danced up the bank as if they were dancing a jig, and shown signs of fear until their coats ran wet again? It was never accounted for. It was, in truth, unaccountable. The funeral was going up-hill, you understand; not down. The astounded mourners got out of their coaches; the horses were soothed to quietness; and the attendants shut up the coffin in the hearse again.

Now this happened. It was talked of far and wide. Hurst Leet would tell you of it to this day. Even Sir Dene Clanwaring could no more explain it than he could deny it. And since then a hazy sort of impression had floated in his mind that there must be something at the spot that did frighten horses, though man could not see it. Hence he believed that Otto's pony might have started without any help from little Tom or anybody else.

These thoughts in his mind, Sir Dene, sitting in his room, sent for the child. He held Tom before his knee while he talked to him. First of all, he gave him a lecture about telling untruths, saying that his papa (Geoffry) had never told any and would be sure to have whipped Tom for doing it, if he were living. "And I'm sure *I* cannot continue to love you," concluded Sir Dene.

With his little heart nearly breaking at the sense of the injustice that all seemed to deal out to him—with the tears welling up in his blue eyes—with the bitter sobs impeding his utterance, Tom said again what he had said before; that he did not do anything to frighten the pony, or think of doing it. Sir Dene saw how earnestly the child spoke; he noted the confiding look of the honest blue eyes that shone upon him through their tears. Never had he felt inclined to believe Tom more than now; especially with those accidents to other horses filling his thoughts.

"I could believe you from my heart, Tom, and understand it into the bargain, but for Jarvey. He says he *saw* you purposely frighten Whitestar."

Between his extreme sensitiveness for other's feelings, his large generosity, and his innate timidity—which was increased tenfold by the thraldom he was kept in, the slights he received—Tom was literally unable to say to Sir Dene that Jarvis told falsehoods. This was only one instance out of many where Jarvey had accused him without any manner of reason, and he had never said to Sir Dene, "It is Jarvis who tells the stories, not I." Another thing may have helped to deter him—the certainty that he should not be believed. Jarvis would make his own cause good, and Lady Lydia turn the tables on him with a vengeance.

"I didn't do it, grandpa," was all he repeated, catching up his breath in pain.

"But you know you do tell stories, Tom."

"No I don't, grandpa," sobbed the child. "I should be afraid for God to hear me."

"Then Jarvey must have seen double—sees so often, too," cried the baronet explosively—for somehow the answer carried truth with it. "Anyway, I believe you now. And there's a sailing for you, Tom."

But, as a rule, Sir Dene did not question the boy in private, and Jarvis got all the credit, he none. The wondering whether the pony had really been startled accountably—or unaccountably, after the fashion of the other horses—had caused Sir Dene to question now. It was the exception.

And it sometimes happened in the accusations brought against Tom, the tales told of him, that he would be partially in fault. In the escapades that all three of the children shared—and the girl Louisa, with them—Tom alone would be made out to have been to blame; he was always the scapegoat. If all were throwing stones and a window got broken—Tom was said to have done it; if the pigs were let out of the sty or the chickens out of their pen, it was Tom who had opened the door; when the miller's little boy was pushed into the stream and nearly drowned, Tom was the culprit. Tom knew that he had, himself, done nothing of all this; but he had been with those who had, and no defence existed for him.

"A lie that is all a lie can be met with and fought outright,
But a lie that is part of a truth is a harder matter to fight."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The latest swindle in Springfield, Mass., is to wrap up an old iron screw in paper, and pass it for a roll of pennies. It works well until the paper breaks.

The Bible:

Illustrated by Oriental Usages.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MRS. FANNIE R. FEUDGE.

Exalting the Gate.

"He that exalteth his gate seeketh destruction," says the wise man; and many a precious life has been the forfeit paid for a presumptuous disregard of the timely warning. Such a caution seems, to one unacquainted with Oriental tyranny and its terrible results, both meaningless and unaccountable; but to a man born and reared under the blighting influence of eastern despotism, more to be deprecated than the deadly breath of the fabled Upas of those sunny lands. Such words as those quoted above, are all too pregnant of meaning. Under the Oriental governments of the present day, not less than in Bible lands and Bible days, it is so literally true that the ostentatious display of wealth on the exterior of a dwelling is sure to provoke the cupidity of those in power, that if even a little more than ordinary taste or skill is shown in the construction of an outside wall or gate, passers-by shake their heads ominously, and whisper to each other, "Better to bow the head under a *low* gate, than that the body be shortened by violence, to make room for it,"—*i. e.*, by taking off the head; or, "A beautiful home behind a mean gate is rather to be chosen than gates of ivory and pearl, that lead the way to a dungeon and the headsman's block."

The better class of Oriental dwellings seldom front the street, the outside entrance leading only into a court, through which one passes, or perhaps through still another beyond the first, to the front of the main building, which ordinarily stands with the end or rear toward the street. By far the larger portion of the occupied and most costly section of the dwelling is thus concealed from view; and little insight can be obtained, from the street, as to the real character of the buildings or the probable rank and wealth of the owner, *unless by the appearance of the gate.* Fully cognisant of this fact, and aware that the known possession of large wealth will be almost certain to expose its owner to such persecutions and exactions, on the part of government officials, as will compel him to disgorge half—perhaps all of his possessions in fines and bribes, in order to save even life itself—few Orientals have the temerity to make any lavish display of ornament on their gates. Thus, it not unfrequently happens that the richest nabobs conceal their enormous wealth behind miserable, old, ruinous walls; and that the most gorgeous and luxurious dwellings are entered by a gate that would not, in our own land, be suffered to disgrace a barnyard or an hostlery. The writer well remembers the uncouth old gate, with its rough-hewn timbers and rusty iron bars, that led to the magnificent palace of the late King of Siam, while he held the exalted position of heir-apparent to the throne of one of the wealthiest kingdoms of Asia. The gate seemed, to our Western eyes, far better suited to guard the entrance to a State's prison, than to grace the court that led to the regal abode into which we were ushered, where one trod upon floors of costly mosaics, and was dazzled at every step by perfumed lamps suspended from lofty ceilings gorgeously inlaid with silver and pearl, that threw back in a thousand fantastic shapes the prismatic radiance—that flared and flickered in joyous salute to the wondering guests, and fell at last in piles of fleecy brightness upon the richly-carved furniture, mirrors and pictures innumerable, and vases and bijouterie rare and costly that hung and intermingled with fresh and fragrant flowers, decorated every niche and corner of the spacious saloons. How strikingly in contrast with all this splendor was the miserably dilapidated gate that led to it! But then the reigning monarch was notoriously grasping in disposition, and our princely entertainer was too polite a statesman to angle for his own destruction by baiting with a costly gate. His wisdom saved him his wealth; and when he afterwards succeeded to the throne, he could afford to indulge his taste for the beautiful *without* as well as within his palace.

Passing through the streets of almost any Oriental city, the tourist sees only doors and gates of the most beggarly description—strong enough to answer all purposes of security, but low, rough, and utterly guiltless of paint or varnish; and sometimes so patched up of varied and incongruous materials as to excite the compassion of the unsophisticated foreigner for the squalid poverty he supposes lies hidden behind this unprepossessing exterior; while in reality, the meaner the gate, the greater in all probability is the wealth it conceals.

The poor man who has nothing to lose, may afford to spend his leisure hours or a trifle of his scanty earnings in decorating the garden or gateway in front of his humble cottage; but the man who reckons his gold by tens or hundreds of thousands, dare not venture on so rash a proceeding. *His* love of the gorgeous and beautiful can be indulged only behind walls lofty enough to shut out curious eyes, and gates sufficiently mean and dilapidated to deceive the most suspicious. But once beyond the reach of prying orbs, the Eastern nabob fairly revels in the gorgeous magnificence in which his very soul delights—spacious halls whose frescoed walls and lofty ceilings inlaid with mosaics of silver and pearl, recall the fabled splendors of the abodes of genii and mermaid beneath the swinging waves of old ocean—luxurious carpets and divans richly embroidered—vessels of purest gold, and adornments of matchless beauty and variety; and here, with his costly viands and fragrant flowers—his gilded harem, and beauteous damsels with their glorious Eastern eyes and forms of matchless symmetry and grace—he finds his world of enjoyment, unmindful alike of the possible vicissitudes of this earthly life, and the solemn retributions, that as a rational and immortal being, await him in the next. Many an Oriental noble or nabob thus hidden away behind a ruinous exterior, escapes the cupidity of government officials, hoarding up or enjoying his wealth as it pleases him best, and dreams on through a life of luxury and effeminacy, sharing with none of his fellow men the countless benefits a beneficent Providence showers so thickly about his path, and dies at last "like the beasts that perish," equally uncaring and uncared for, to leave his wealth to another.

Occasionally, however, a rich man, with the love of display that forms so striking a feature of Oriental character, either so far forgets the dangers that encompass his path, or thinks he has such ground for confidence, that he may with impunity exalt *his gate*, making it the envy of those he deems less fortunate than himself; but when such rashness is ventured on, the perpetrator rarely has long to wait before finding that he has thus sought his own destruction. In an hour—perhaps when least fearing danger, he is whirled from the pinnacle of prosperity, his wealth all confiscated, his luxurious abode desecrated, his wives and children a prey to his destroyer, and even his life sacrificed upon the altar his own vanity has reared. Nor to compass the ruin of a marked man is it necessary that even a false accusation should be made against him—it is enough that he be known or suspected of having large possessions or well-filled coffers. Most Eastern governments are despotisms, the monarch's will being the absolute law; and when he commands a life to be taken, none dare question his right, or seek to know wherein the doomed man has offended. It does, however, happen in rare instances, that when the life of a very popular favorite is taken, the sovereign, as an act of policy, proclaims the crime alleged against the victim; but the latter not being permitted to say anything in his own defence, derives no benefit from the proclamation.

A traveller in Turkey mentions that the only *exalted gate* to a private residence he noticed while in Bagdad, belonged to the house of a moslem of large wealth, and of so much influence in the city, that he felt quite safe in freely displaying his riches; but his tragical fate soon vindicated the wisdom of the inspired proverb: "He that exalteth his gate seeketh destruction." One day, while riding through the streets, the owner of the costly gate was dragged from his horse and put to death on the spot, by order of the Pasha, who immediately took possession of the murdered man's estate, real and personal, as legal atonement for some alleged crime, that had never existed save in the very prolific brain and plastic conscience of the royal robber.

Putting off a Passenger.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY BURR THORNBURY.

The lightning express from Chicago to A—— was thundering on its way, seven minutes behind time, but making it up by steady gain, with a prospect of reaching the next stopping station only a trifle later than usual. The magnificent engine, like a conscious and intelligent creature, was working its huge iron elbows with admirable energy, as if it knew something extra was required of it, and was willing to do its best. Over the shining track flew the belated train with a swiftness that was exhilarating to those it carried.

"Tickets," said the conductor, as he entered the rear car. The inevitable old lady was there, who had never been on a railway train more than two or three times before, and who didn't know where she wanted to go, but expected the conductor to tell her. She questioned that suffering official till he lost his temper, and told her sharply that he would carry her to Fool's Paradise, where she evidently belonged.

"Ticket, sir," continued the conductor, passing on to the next passenger, a flashily-dressed young man, who looked as if he might have spent all his funds in purchasing the astounding amount of jewelry he displayed on different parts of his person.

"Yes, sir, when I find it."

"As you please," said the conductor, passing on to another individual, and clipping the extended ticket.

He shortly returned to the bejeweled "gent," looking at him with official sternness. The young man was still engaged in a fruitless search for his ticket, appearing to think it very strange that it could not be found.

"Your ticket, sir," repeated the impatient conductor.

"I must have lost it," said the young man, with an attempt at looking innocent.

"You never had it," thundered the conductor, growing red. He divined the fellow's object at once—a free ride from Chicago to M——, the station where the train would stop for water. He had met such individuals before, and he prided himself on but one way of disposing of them.

"Pay your fare immediately, or I will put you off the train."

This the young man declined doing, asserting that he had purchased his ticket and was entitled to a ride. He looked as if he intended to keep his seat.

The bell-cord was pulled, the train stopped, the rear door of the car opened, and the conductor disdaining to call a brakesman to his aid, collared the stubborn passenger, and, after a short struggle, succeeded in getting him to the platform. He was anxious to put the train in motion, for time had been lost already, and if a further delay of a few moments occurred, there would be imminent danger of collision. The engineer was equally anxious to proceed, and held his engine in hand ready to start at the word.

"All aboard," shouted the conductor, giving the suddenly unresisting passenger a push that sent him to the ground; but as he fell, with dexterous and premeditated grip he seized the momentarily triumpant official by the leg, and the two rolled to the rear of the already moving train.

"Pull the rope!" roared the enraged conductor to the gaping passengers. It was done; but the engineer, thinking the conductor was aboard, not having seen the last act, and knowing that another moment's halt would expose his train to the appalling danger of collision, cursed the fools behind him, and paid no immediate attention to the signal. He was subjecting himself to severe reprimand, and perhaps something worse. But what must be do?

"Go 'long, old girl," said he, addressing himself to his engine; "we have just two minutes to save ourselves from a smash."

Meanwhile the conductor, enraged and mortified beyond measure, was diminishing in the distance, till he seemed to everybody but himself a mere exclamation point, a very "black" one to be sure. He would have taken vengeance on the cause of all this trouble, but that individual, chuckling exasperatingly, had wisely departed in the direction from which he had lately come.

A train following the express was halted by the conductor, and he was carried to A——, no longer the man he was, for he was so changed by his recent experience, that afterwards in his social hours he had no more funny stories to relate about "putting off passengers."

☞ "Solidified beer" is popular out West. A man can carry enough of it in his waistcoat pocket to ruin a temperance society.

FAR AND NEAR.

☞ Miss Amanda L. Folger has the longest and most perfect jaw on Nantucket, or elsewhere. It is the lower jaw of a sperm whale, seventeen feet in length, and with a perfect set of teeth.

☞ The old style of presenting each guest at a wedding with a box, containing a liberal slice of wedding cake to take home and dream on, has again come in fashion, and is much more sensible and agreeable to all parties than having a very elaborate cake in the centre of the table for every one to look at.

☞ An old gentleman having had the bill of fare passed him by a waiter at dinner, and evidently laboring under the idea that somebody was passing circus bills, told the waiter he "would read it after dinner." He had a hard time selecting his dishes.

☞ An old bachelor having been laughed at by a bevy of pretty girls, told them they were small potatoes. "We may be small potatoes," replied one of the maidens, "but we are sweet ones."

☞ A short time ago a very strict young lady in society gave her photograph to a devoted admirer for his locket. Two days afterwards her brother found it on the floor of a billiard saloon, decorated with a pair of moustaches and an immense cigar artistically done with a pin. "A word to the wise."

☞ The Evening Mail says: "Terrible news from Baltimore next week! All Smits, Smiths, Smythes, Smyths, Schmitts, Schmids, Schmidts, Schmitzs, Smidts, and Smitts are invited by some rash enthusiasts to join in an excursion by water, and fears are entertained that the harbor will be so filled with the sunken overloaded ships that Baltimore will be made an inland town."

☞ In a certain cemetery in a town in Connecticut can be found a lot containing five graves, one in the centre, the others near by as the four points of the compass. The inscriptions on the latter read, respectively, after the name of the deceased:—"My I. Wife," "My II. Wife," "My III. Wife," "My IIII. Wife," while the centre stone bears the brief but eloquent expression, "Our Husband." Touching.

☞ A patent perpetual tobacco pipe has been made by a gentleman in Missouri, who doubtless has been often troubled to light his pipe in a high wind. His invention consists in making the bowl reversible, so that when a charge of tobacco is nearly smoked out, the bowl may be charged again and then reversed, so that the fire may ignite the new charge.

☞ Temperate parent (introducing his son to the district school-master)—"Oh, Mr. Tomkins, sir—please, sir—I would particularly request you to abstain from teaching my little Jonadeby here to work sums in ale, or beer, or spirit measures, as he's been brought up a strict teetotaler, and joined the Band of 'Ope!"

☞ Since the editor of the Montgomery Mail bit off a man's ear in a sanctum fight, the circulation has wonderfully increased.

☞ A lady advertises in the London Times for "an accomplished poodle nurse. Wages £1 per week."

☞ About a year ago, half a dozen couples of children in Elmira, New York, got clandestinely married, "for fun." They returned to their respective parental mansions, but have lately confessed, and the parents, finding them married "for good," have had to publicly acknowledge the fact. Doubtful.

☞ "It is said that one of our fish dealers has a tame clam, which he has taught to come at his whistle and follow him all over the house. The clam will stand up on his hind legs and beg, or lie down at the command of his master, and will sing, whistle, and count as high as thirteen, and if reports are true, is a most remarkable example of what patience will accomplish."

☞ "We," says the Austin (Texas) State Gazette, "have been shown a private letter from T. A. Sampson, of Pine Bluff, Arkansas, in which he relates a very extraordinary circumstance of a negro preacher, who was stricken dead by lightning, while addressing the congregation. And, what is very remarkable, on the succeeding day, when his remains were carried to the grave, and while in the act of burying him, another bolt of heaven struck his coffin, leaving his remains a ghastly sight." This is very curious—if true.

☞ Says Appleton's Journal:—"Almost every article presented by unpractised writers to magazines, no matter how admirable the subject, drifts to leeward for one or two pages before the writer gets steerage way on his thoughts, and the reader finds out where he wants to sail to." Also eminently true of would-be newspaper writers.

☞ A good story is told of the former Miss Lane while she was the charming mistress of the Executive Mansion. A photographer in New York presented her with an album, superbly bound, containing forty-two different views of Miss Lane. Jones remarked, on seeing it one day, that it was the most Miss-a-Lane-ous book he had ever seen.

☞ An occasional correspondent meeting a party of settlers the other day in Texas, inquired of the conductor what the men in the first wagon were intended for. "To clear the forest." "Well," said he, "and what are those in the second for?" "To build the huts," was the reply. "And the old white-headed man in the third wagon; what is he for?" "Oh! that is my father; we shall open our new cemetery with him."

☞ The New York Nation cites the notable ferocity of the French women on both sides, to show the female suffragists that there is no probability of woman's purifying politics and eliminating bitterness or strife.

☞ Two little school girls were lately prattling together, and one of them said, "We keep four servants, have got six horses and lots of carriages; now what have you got?" With quite as much pride the other answered, "We've got a skunk under our barn."

FASHIONABLE WEDDINGS.—The Methodist has a severe paragraph about fashionable weddings:—

This is what some one says the fever for fashionable weddings and mention in the "society papers" will produce in the way of fence-posters:

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"He who invests one dollar in business should invest one dollar in advertising."—*A. T. Stewart.*

"Constant and persistent advertising is a sure prelude to wealth."—*Stephen Girard.*

P. T. Barnum, the noted exhibitor, ascribes his success in accumulating a million of dollars in ten years to the unlimited use of printer's ink.

☞ A young lady about to be married, insisted on having a certain clergyman to perform the ceremony, saying, "He always throws so much feeling into the thing; and I wouldn't give a fig to be married unless it could be done in a style of gushing rhapsody!" Nice girl.

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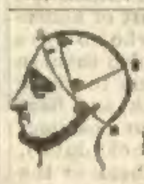

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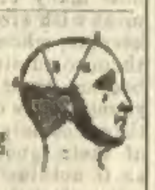

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WIT AND HUMOR.

The Mosquito.

The Mosquitoes vary in size as much as potatoes, but average well in this region. They are built on the same plan of the elephant (only a trifle smaller) having plenty of legs, a bob tail, with a trunk or bill on the front end of them. Their body is all stomach, and their trunk is a suction pump, gimblet pointed, and hard as Damascus steel. They are a bird of song, although Audubon classes them strictly as a game bird, but he was liable to mistakes as well as the telegraph. In these parts they go wild, while in some states they are utilized for labor. In some parts of New Jersey, where the soil is so thin that horses and oxen cannot be worked with safety lest they break through, they are used for farm purposes, three pair of full-blood Jersey mosquitoes being considered equal to a tandem team of two geese, or one middling-sized goat. We know this to be a fact, having frequently seen the farmers there plowing and doing other work with all the above named labor-saving machines.

Down south, when a vessel is ready for planking, the planks are laid on to the timbers and a little blood rubbed on to the inside of them, when the mosquitoes will sting through the plank and timber, and the men inside will rivet up their bills, and thus save bolts and treenails. A well-built vessel, mosquito fastened, is considered a first-class job.

Mosquitoes round in these parts are a trifle smaller than a humming-bird, and as musical as a sewing-machine. There are few more pleasing moments in a man's life than those in which he lies in bed on a sultry night, and listens to the mosquitoes warbling in the distance, and hears them approaching his bed humming over the familiar song of "Fe, fi, fo, fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman," and know that he is the person meant.

As songsters they are equal, if not superior, to the mule or shanghai. We heard of a chap who, on entering his room in a boarding-house in Brooklyn, heard some one singing, and on lighting the gas, he espied a mosquito sitting on a match sailing round in the wash-bowl, singing "A life on the ocean wave"—but that was an exceptional case.

If there is one satisfaction that is at least ten feet ahead of any other satisfaction, it is to enter your sleeping room, and see a gang of mosquitoes lounging round on the window-sills and chairs, and to then and there disrobe, crawl into bed, beneath a good bar, lie there and hear them cuss and swear outside the net. We consider that the most anti-factory thing it is possible to conceive.—*Belfast Journal.*

Business-like Hens.

Old Starks, an honest German, had a farm about three miles from the village of Naples, on the Illinois river, and, like most of his countrymen who settle in this country, was great on garden truck, butter, eggs, etc., which he carried regularly to the town to sell or barter for family supplies. One day he came in as usual, and Peter Critser, the storekeeper, thinking to get a "saw" on the old man, said:

"Well, Starks, got some more eggs?"

"Yah, I have a few."

"I paid you a bit for the last," said Critser, "but we have had a convention of the storekeepers, and they have resolved to give only ten cents in future."

"Y-a-h. Vell, mine hens they have a meetin'," replied Starks, "an' dey resolves wot dey won't wear 'emselves out layin' eggs for less as feefteen shents!" And the old man stalked off, leaving Pete to stand the laugh of the crowd.

The Penitent Milkman.

Not long since, during an exciting protracted meeting held in one of the frontier towns of Michigan, a man named Wilson, who for some years had sold milk to the villagers, becoming seriously alarmed as to his spiritual condition, went forward to the anxious seat, and solicited the prayers of the congregation. In due time he became penitent, and arose to make his confession. Among other transgressions of which he had been guilty, he owned to having frequently watered the milk he had sold. In the midst of his confession, while telling the milk story, the minister, a very worthy man, who despised cheats of all kinds, exclaimed: "Sit down, sit down, Brother Wilson! if you say much more, they'll have you in the penitentiary in less than a week!"

Brother Wilson sat down.

Rather Personal.

A humorous young man was driving a horse which was in the habit of stopping at every house on the road-side. Passing a country tavern, where there were collected together some dozen countrymen, the animal as usual, ran opposite the door and then stopped, in spite of the young man, who applied the whip with all his might to drive the horse on. The men in the porch commenced a hearty laugh, and some inquired if he would sell that horse? "Yes," said the young man, "but I cannot recommend him, as he once belonged to a butcher, and stops whenever he hears any calves bleat." The crowd retired to the bar in silence.

THE WRONG PLACE.—An attendant at Mount Vernon, not long since, found a lady weeping most bitterly and audibly, with her handkerchief at her eyes. He stepped up to her and said,

"Are you in trouble, madam?"

"No, Sir!" she sobbed.

"I saw you weeping."

"Ah!" said she, "how can one help weeping at the grave of the Father of his Country?"

"Oh, indeed, madam," said he, "that's it! The tomb's over yonder. This is the ice-house."

AN AWAKENER.—The Rev. J. H. K—— was, several years since, pastor of a church in the country. During his sermon on a hot summer Sunday morning Brother Austin, one of the official members of the church, fell fast asleep. Mr. K—— suddenly paused, and called out, "Brother Austin, will you please open the window there a little? Physicians say it is very unhealthy to sleep in a close room."

☞ The scenery on the American side of Niagara Falls has been much injured, it is said, by the proprietors of the land, who have been during the winter cutting down grand old trees, and selling the timber for fire-wood.

EVERYTHING'S IN A NAME.

ROUGH CUR—"Hullo, Crusty! You muzzled, eh?"
DIGNIFIED DOG—"Muzzled, puppy! Did you never see a Respirator before?"

Why are the Mountain Tops so Cold?

There is a story of a squirrel, which, discontented with the cold valley where he had his home, set out to reach a mountain top, where, thought he, the climate must be warm and genial, since the spot is so much nearer the sun, the great source of heat; but on reaching the long wished-for height, he found, that although the sun shone with clearer light, yet the cold was more intense than in the humble home he had left behind. He was well-nigh frozen to death, and quickly and wisely resolved to return to the valley below.

The process of reasoning which led poor squirrel into such difficulty and danger seems correct enough. The only trouble with it is, that, like a great many fine-spun theories, it does not agree with the facts in the case.

How happens it, then, the nearer we go to the sun, the source of heat, the colder we find the air? It is because the sun's rays of heat pass through transparent bodies, like air, *without heating them.* The heat of the sun passes directly through the air till it strikes the surface of the earth, which is warmed by it. The air becomes warm only by contact with the warm earth, and by the radiation of heat from the earth.

But why does not the mountain top become warm, and impart its heat to the surrounding air? The answer is, that so great is the body of cold air around it, in comparison with its own size, and so constantly is the air around it changed by the strong winds which blow there, that not enough heat can be accumulated in the air to become sensible.

But why does not air, which is heated by contact with the surface of the earth at the level of the sea rise to the mountain tops and warm them up, just the same as the heated air in our rooms rises to the ceiling, and makes our heads warm while our feet are cold? It does thus indeed; but as it rises it also expands, because it is not so closely pressed by the superincumbent air. So by the time it reaches the top of Mount Washington, what was a single roomful of comfortably hot air has expanded to the size of a whole house; and as it has received no more heat in its ascent, it has become very uncomfortably cold. The heat which was sufficient to make it feel warm when it occupied a small space becomes quite insensible when it expands to a hundred, or it may be a thousand, times the size it was before. It is just like a moistened sponge, from which water drops when it is squeezed in the hand, but which appears quite dry when suffered to expand to its full size.

Plague of Mice.

We are familiar, in this country, with the plague of grasshoppers, army worms, and other noxious animals, but have happily been spared from the devastations caused by mice in large bodies, such as not unfrequently have ravaged portions of Europe.

Quite recently certain parts of Hungary have been terribly afflicted in this manner, to so great an extent, indeed, that in a single district the entire crop of sixty thousand acres was completely consumed. In another district ten thousand acres were destroyed in about two weeks, not a grain, nor blade of straw, nor root being left—entire fields having been cleared, according to statements, "as bare as a floor." Every attempt made to reduce the hordes of these animals failed. Ditches were dug and filled with water; but they soon became choked up with the dead bodies, the numbers destroyed being counted by hundreds of thousands, and yet without any appreciable impression being made upon the supply. The country was filled with immense numbers of hawks and other predacious birds, together with foxes, wild-cats, etc., but the devastation still continues.

True Politeness.

That true politeness which has its root in real, unselfish consideration for others is within the reach of every one. The thing that is conventionally impolite in London may be the height of good breeding in Pekin, but these are surface matters. Whether you touch your hat when you bow to a woman, or take it quite off, or leave it on your head, does not so much signify; but when you see that she is sheltered from cold or sun glare it is a real thing, and grows out of the unselfish perception on your part of a real need on hers. Selfishness is at the heart of all the bad manners which offend us. Let each individual educate in himself or herself a keen sense of the right of others, and we shall have no jostling at concert or theatre—no filling up a seat in a railroad car with one person's bundles while another stands—no opening windows on other people's backs—no loud talking when others want to listen to song or lecture—in short, we shall inaugurate the millennium at once.

☞ One person is born every four minutes—and another dies every seven minutes in London.

☞ Awful is the duel between man and the age in which he lives.

Future Housekeeping.

We sometimes catch ourselves wondering how many of the young ladies whom we meet with are to perform the part of housekeepers, when the young man who now eye them so admiringly have persuaded them to become their wives? We listen to those young ladies of whom we speak, and hear them not only acknowledging, but boasting, of their ignorance of all household duties, as if nothing would so lower them in the estimation of their friends as the confession of an ability to bake bread and pies, or cook a piece of meat, or a disposition to engage in any useful employment. Speaking from our own youthful recollections, we are free to say that taper fingers and lily hands are very pretty to look at with a young man's eyes, and sometimes we have known the artless innocence of practical knowledge displayed by a young miss to appear rather interesting than otherwise. But we have lived long enough to learn that life is full of rugged experience, and that the most loving, romantic, and delicate people must live on cooked or otherwise prepared food, and in homes swept clean and tidy by industrious hands. And for all the practical purposes of married life, it is generally found that for a husband to sit and gaze at a wife's taper fingers and lily hands, or for a wife to sit and be looked at and admired, does not make the pot boil, or put the smallest piece of food therein.

The Evil of a Bad Temper.

A bad temper is a curse to its possessor, and its influence is most deadly wherever it is found. It is allied to martyrdom to be obliged to live with one of a complaining temper. To hear one eternal round of complaint and murmuring, to have every pleasant thought scared away by their evil spirit, is a sore trial. It is like the sting of a scorpion—a perpetual nettle, destroying your peace, rendering life a burden. Its influence is most deadly; and the purest and sweetest atmosphere is contaminated into a deadly miasma wherever this evil genius prevails. It has been said truly, that while we ought not to let the bad temper of others influence us, it would be as unreasonable to spread a plaster of Spanish flies upon the skin, and not expect it to *draw*, as to think of a family not suffering because of the bad temper of any of its inmates. One string out of tune will destroy the music of an instrument, otherwise perfect; so, if all the members of a church, a neighborhood, and family, do not cultivate a kind and affectionate temper, there will be discord and every evil work.

Hints to Mothers.

If you wish to cultivate a gossipping, meddling, censorious spirit in your children, be sure when they come home from church, a visit, or any other place where you do not accompany them, to ply them with questions concerning what everybody wore, how everybody looked, and what everybody said and did; and if you find anything in all this to censure, always do it in their hearing. You may rest assured, if you pursue a course of this kind, they will not return to you unladen with intelligence; and rather than that it should be uninteresting, they will, by degrees, learn to embellish in such a manner as shall not fail to call forth remarks and expressions of wonder from you. You will, by this course, render the spirit of curiosity—which is so early visible in children, and which, if rightly directed, may be made the instrument of enriching and enlarging their minds—a vehicle of mischief, which shall serve only to narrow them.

WEST POINT.—The very worst place a civilian can summer in is West Point. No matter how much of a society man he is, the rawest boy in gray and bell buttons can cut him out completely with metropolitan belles. He will have no one to flirt with, and at all hops will be "waiting for a partner." "Don't you see," said a lady *habitue* of Cozzens's, "we get enough of you in the winter, but the dear cadets we only see for a little while in the summer; anything for a change, you know, and besides, they're so charmingly inexperienced."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FRANK (Green Bay) thus writes: "The Post has been taken in our family since its commencement, and we regard it as invaluable. The plan of devoting a space to "Answers to Correspondents" will, we hope, give others as much satisfaction as it does here, and I trust you will find it convenient to answer the following questions: Is there any work or treatise upon penmanship in all its branches by which one can teach himself the art of writing well, and if so, what is its title? What is the title of the most practical work on Commercial Calculations? It has never been clear to me, and I wish to ask your opinion about the practice of taking usury, that is, where it commences. If a man puts his money in a business or store that yields 20 per cent. per annum, is it not virtually the same as though he lent it out directly and got that percentage? Or suppose one has a chance to buy a mortgage at half its worth—if he takes it, is it not really taking usury? Would it not be as well and as right to limit the profit that is made on merchandize, as the profit that is made on money—for merchandize *represents* money—and there is little difference between them? The Bible forbids usury—but it is very difficult to draw the line at which it commences. This has been the subject of some discussion among us, and I await your reply with interest." The system of penmanship adopted in the Philadelphia schools is that known as the Spencerian. It seems to give general satisfaction. You can obtain the "Spencerian Key," published by P. R. Spencer. Another work, that is very complete in its instructions, is H. W. Ellsworth's "Text Book on Penmanship." Bryant & Stratton's "Commercial Arithmetic" is a good work on commercial calculations. There are some points in regard to the question of usury which you have not taken into consideration. The large percentage which a man may make on money invested in business cannot justly be considered usury; as, to achieve success, he must devote his best business talent and his closest attention to its details. Hence his profits, beyond legal interest on his investment, may properly be considered as wages for his mental and physical labor. Otherwise we should be obliged to designate as usurers, preachers and others who accept high salaries for their mental labor. It must be considered too, that money may justly command higher interest the less secure its investment, and that a business investment is often very insecure. In the mortgage question, a man simply avails himself of the misfortunes of another, and we cannot see that the laws of interest are involved in such a transaction. If the percentage on merchandise is, then, partly of the nature of a salary, we can no more limit it by law, than we can limit high salaries obtained by talent or other kinds.

M. E. A. (Philadelphia) writes: "Please inform me, in your answers to correspondents, if it would be altogether wrong and uncivil for a woman to offer to pay her own expenses when being escorted by a gentleman—whom she might know to be shortened in circumstances, and quite unable to afford the extravagance of gallanting her? Recently, while on a visit to a sister city, I was nearly every day escorted to various places of interest by a gentleman of small means, upon whom I had no claim but that of an ordinary acquaintance. I was desirous of seeing all the sights of the city—but had I gone alone or with another person I would have hurt the feelings of the gentleman in question, as before my coming he volunteered his services as an escort. The fact that I was sponging upon his small means annoyed me terribly, and yet as social usage makes it imperative for a gentleman to pay the expenses of the lady he accompanies, I could think of no way of becoming independent that would not have hurt his feelings, or offended the conventionalities. I wish women could be independent enough to bear their own expenses to places of amusement, or pay their own car hire. Cannot a few courageous women inaugurate such a fashion?" It is certainly an unpleasant dilemma in which ladies are frequently placed, and it might be better for all parties if the conventionalities were less rigid. On one side is the great danger of wounding the sensibilities of the gentleman, and these are apt to be more acute with a slender than with a full purse, as the idea of pity for his poverty is implied. On the other side is the certainty of the lady being obliged to forego pleasure out of compassion for his limited purse, or to have her pleasure destroyed by an upbraiding conscience. Where the matter is carried to the extent that it seems to have been in your case, you could hardly have been blamed for declaring your intention of bearing your own share of the expenses; basing it on the plea of independence, so as to spare his sensitiveness. In such a case we can only advise, "of two evils to choose (that which appears) the least."

JAMES (Tinney's Grove, Mo.) writes: "I am a reader of your valuable paper, and as you are so kind as to answer hard questions, and so willing to give advice to young folks, I thought that I would appeal to you for counsel. My case is this. I was engaged to a young lady. We live some distance from each other, and have kept up a regular correspondence until a few months since. She always professed the most sincere love for me until a short time ago, when she wrote to me requesting me to release her from her promise, saying that she had found that she did not love me, but giving no other reason, and I asked for none, for I am too independent to marry any woman the sun ever shone on if I know that she does not love me. I granted her her request. She now wants to renew our engagement, saying that she has been very unhappy ever since our engagement was broken. Now I want you to answer me in your correspondent's column and tell me what I ought to do." If you have lived long enough to be engaged, you must have learned that woman does not always know her own mind (nor man either.) So long as the course of true love runs smooth its strength is not manifest, and the lady probably thought that her love was no more than a mild friendship. After reflection on her hasty action seems to have shown her that she misunderstood the strength of her feelings. Of course, her action admits of other interpretations, but this is the most charitable, and as you evidently have not lost your love for her, you had best accept the lost love proffered you again. She will cling the closer to you now that she has found that she cannot live without you.

J. B. S. (Bonaparte, Iowa) writes: "I find in your issue of the 3d inst., the following on the theory of internal heat: 'The question, however, in reality, answers itself in the negative, since it is evident that no crust could even commence to form on the surface, unless the sphere itself was at the moment actually giving off more heat from its outer surface to the surrounding atmosphere than it could supply from its more central parts, in order to keep the whole in a perfectly fluid condition.' I should like very much for Prof. Davis Forbes to explain which would be the best conductor of heat, the internal part of the earth, either fluid or solid, or the surrounding atmosphere; if the former, then the temperature would increase at the surface until it was equal to that of the centre, but if the latter be true, then he has proven *that if the earth was in a molten state*, its temperature would decrease at the surface. Again, if it gave off more heat at its surface than is received from its centre, when in its most solid condition, being then the best conductor of heat, it would always have given off more heat at its surface than it received from its centre; and we would therefore conclude that the surface was never in a molten state." The conditions governing heat conduction at the period when the earth was in a molten state probably differed so greatly from those now obtaining, that no exact parallel can be drawn. Fluids have very slight powers of heat conduction, gases apparently have none. They, however, carry heat very rapidly by the process known as convection, exemplified in the boiling of water. It seems probable that the very volatile character of the gases which surrounded the earth at this early period must have rendered their convective powers far superior to those of the more sluggish molten matter beneath. If so, the surface would have cooled more rapidly than the interior. Your last point only applies on the supposition that the earth assumed its present condition an eternity ago. If we admit the cooling process at all, we are drawn irresistibly back to a period, when the earth was in a gaseous state, the conditions of your argument being satisfied by supposing the surface gas to have been more condensed than the interior. No theory goes back of this original gaseous state.

FRANK S. T. (Newark, O.) writes: "You will oblige me very much by answering the following in your 'answers to correspondents:' What is the proper mode of asking to accompany a lady home? Or in asking her to ride or go to the theatre with you? And what is the proper length of a call on a lady?" There is no set phrase of request which is applicable to all, or even to a majority of circumstances. The one absolute requisite is to make your request in polite terms; this properly observed you cannot go wrong. Custom and politeness require a certain deference in addressing a lady, and there are forms of speech in common use, as: "Will you please accept my arm?" "I shall be glad,"—or "I shall esteem it a favor—to have you accompany me," &c. In ordinary cases of calling on a lady it would be best to restrict your call within an hour, except familiar acquaintanceship or other circumstances warrant you in extending it. One never knows but that he may be putting the lady to inconvenience, and in this case sins of omission are better than sins of commission.

J. Z. R. (No Locality) writes: "You will oblige many by answering, Where does our common house fly come from? It comes and none of us know how or where from, and goes and we are no wiser for it." The fly is no exception to the general principle of "all Life from the Egg." Before the yearly disappearance of the insect its eggs are laid in moist, decaying animal or vegetable matter. Its first form on emerging from the egg is that of a whitish, fleshy maggot, which, no doubt, you have often observed. This shortens, on entering the chrysalis state, into an oblong oval mass, hard, dry, and brown on its surface. From this sack the perfected fly appears in the spring. All insects pass through these three stages, of which we have evident instances in the caterpillar, cocoon, and perfect insect of the silk worm and butterfly.

SUBSCRIBER (Fairbury, Ills.,) writes: "Will you be kind enough, through your answers to correspondents, to inform me what treatises on dentistry would be best for a person to purchase who wishes to study the profession? Please answer as soon as convenient." There are numerous treatises on the subject, each with its points of value. Robertson's "manual on extracting teeth," is a late and useful work. Also Harris on "Dental Surgery."

J. O. S. (North Orange, Mass.,) writes: "Seeing by your paper (of which I am a constant reader) that you would answer questions, I take the liberty to ask if you can give me the facts about Chinese music. I have heard that they use no sharps or flats, that their intervals are all of equal length, and that their scale consists of the letters F, G, A, C and D. Now if you will give me the facts about it you will very much oblige." Your information is correct. The Chinese, and some other nations, use the pentatonic scale, leaving out the Fourth and the Seventh of the ordinary scale. They are acquainted with the use of semitones, but seldom employ them.

AGRICULTURAL.

Fruit Culture—Old Errors Corrected.

1. Instead of "trimming up" trees, according to the old fashion, to make them long-legged and long-armed, trim them down, so as to make them even, snug, and symmetrical.

2. Instead of manuring heavily in a small circle at the foot of the tree, spread the manure, if needed at all, broadcast over the whole surface.

3. Instead of spading a small circle about the stem, cultivate the whole surface broadcast.

4. Prefer a well pulverized clean surface in an orchard with a moderately rich soil, to heavy manuring and surface covered with a hard crust and weeds or grass.

5. Remember that it is better to set out ten trees with all the necessary care to make them live and flourish, than to set out a hundred trees and have them all die from carelessness.

6. Remember that tobacco is a poison, and will kill insects rapidly if properly applied to them, and is one of the best drugs for freeing fruit trees rapidly of small vermin.—*Country Gentleman.*

BEST FOOD FOR PIGS.—In answer to a correspondent who asks what is the best grain to fatten pigs, the *Rural New Yorker* says: "The best food—quality of pork and rapidity of fattening considered—we ever gave pigs, was boiled peas and potatoes. Without looking up analysis to prove or disprove the relative fattening properties of the compounds with other feed, we speak of practical and profitable results.

LOSS OF HAIR IN HORSES.—The following is very useful in cases where there is falling out of the hair of the mane and tail, viz:—Glycerine, two ozs.; sulphur, one oz.; acetate of lead, two drachms; water, eight ozs. To be well mixed, and applied by means of a sponge.

A BOY in Ohio watched a flock of quails running along the rows of corn, presuming they were pulling up the corn, shot one, and found in its crop one cut worm, twenty-one striped cucumber bugs, and one hundred chinch bugs.

A GOOD farmer will never be satisfied with his farming until he is confident his land grows better every year.

THE RIDDLER.

Metagram.

I am composed of three letters and am a sack.
Change my first and I am a small barrel.
Change it again and I am to grow weary.
Change it again and I am something to stop the mouth.
Change it again and I am a witch.
Change it again and I am to loiter.
Change it again and I am a girl's nick-name.
Change it again and I am a humorous fellow.
Change it again and I am a small horse.
Change it again and I am a tatter.

Enterprise, S. C. EGO GEO.

Word Square.

Signifies to walk.
A story.
Besides.
A sly look.

Enterprise, S. C. EGO GEO.

Probability Problem.

Three pennies are thrown horizontally at random, one at a time into a circular box, whose diameter is twice the diameter of a penny. Required—the probability that only one of the pennies rests on the bottom of the box? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a spider a good correspondent? Ans.—Because he drops a line by every post.

☞ Why should new levies go to war early in the year? Ans.—Because all green things begin to shoot in the spring.

☞ In what way does a lady treat a man like a telescope? Ans.—Pulls him out, looks him through and through, and then shuts him up.

☞ Why are bankrupts more to be pitied than idiots? Ans.—Because bankrupts are broken, while idiots are only cracked.

☞ Why can witnessing a balloon ascent never be a gratifying sight? Ans.—Because ballooning is an high soar (an eye-sore).

☞ Why is the letter e a gloomy and disconsolate vowel? Ans.—Because, though never out of health and pocket, it never appears in spirits.

☞ Why is St. Valentine's day like the autumn? Ans.—Because it is the time for pairs (pears).

☞ When are sheep stationary? Ans.—When turned into pens, and into paper when folded.

☞ How do we know that Lord Byron was good-tempered? Ans.—Because he always kept his choler (collar) down.

☞ When is a baby not a baby? Ans.—When it's a tea-thing (teething).

Answer to Last.

CHARADE—Love—err (lover).

RECEIPTS.

LOIN, NECK, AND BREAST OF LAMB.—A loin of lamb will be roasted in about an hour and a quarter; a neck in an hour; and a breast in three-quarters of an hour. Do not forget to salt and flour these joints about twenty minutes before they are done.

FRIED LAMB.—Separate the leg from the loin, cut off the shank, divide the loin in chops, dredge, and fry them a nice brown, lay the leg in the middle of the dish, and put the chops around, pour over parsley and butter, and garnish with fried parsley.

HOW TO GET RID OF RATS AND MICE.—A gentleman of large experience, and fully as humane as most of us, says he gets rid of rats by putting *potash* in their holes and runs. The poor wretches get it on their feet and over their fur, then they lick it and don't like the taste of it; it burns them somewhat, and the more they see of it, the less they like it; so they clear out almost as soon as the application is made. To get rid of mice, the same person uses tartar-emetic, mingled with any favorite food; they take it, take sick, and take their leave.